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CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE,

C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.*

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By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF COLUMBUS, ZORINSKI, WAY TO GET  
MARRIED, AND CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

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D U B L I N:

Printed by G. FOLINGSBY, No<sup>o</sup> 59, Dame-Street.

1797.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.



BY THOMAS H. BENTON

RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

D. U. B. A. H.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

1857



# P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY T. W. FITZGERALD, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. MACREADY.

WHEN invalids possess both faith and wealth,  
They'll find a nostrum to restore their health;  
A *panacea* advertis'd to cure  
Each ill the human body can endure.  
But our bold Author claims a nobler art,  
And advertises to relieve—the heart.  
So many patients he expects to see,  
That I'm appointed as his deputy.  
Now, then, your mental maladies explain,  
And I'll remove or mitigate the pain.  
Does love or jealousy your peace molest,  
Revenge inflame, ambition gnaw your breast?  
For jealousy, a sovereign balm behold,—  
The husband's certain cure, a pill of gold;  
This dose, administer'd with prudent care,  
Dispels at once the frailties of the fair;  
Deprives the proctor of his *crim. con.* fee,  
And tunes the chord that jar'd to harmony.  
Should love torment some Romeo's heated brain,  
Or agonize a Juliet's breast with pain,  
Let them my potent remedy apply,—  
The maid shall cease to pine, the youth to sigh:  
Gold shall restore each drooping lover's health,  
And passion find a substitute in wealth.  
But let not ill-tim'd ridicule degrade  
What Heav'n, when well applied, a blessing made.  
To foster merit, wheresoever found,  
And with improvement cheer a country round;  
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the poor,  
And send the beggar happy from the door;  
To mitigate the horrors of despair,  
And make the family of want our care;  
To succour genius, drooping in distress,  
Making the business of our lives to bless.  
When the rich man can such employment find,  
We wish his purse as ample as his mind.

## P R O L O G U E.

For one peer patient I've an anxious fear ;  
 And you must be his kind physicians here.  
 Our Author has to-night so much at stake,  
 He finds his throbbing heart inclin'd to ache !  
 But should his play a lib'ral audience please,  
 Your warm applause will set his heart at ease.

## D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.

	L O N D O N.	D U B L I N.
Sir Hubert Stanley,	- <i>Mr. Murray.</i>	<i>Mr. Richardson.</i>
Charles Stanley,	- <i>Mr. Pope.</i>	<i>Mr. Montague.</i>
Vortex,	- <i>Mr. Quick.</i>	<i>Mr. Kenedy.</i>
Young Rapid,]	- <i>Mr. Lewis.</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Old Rapid, -	- <i>Mr. Munden.</i>	<i>Mr. Callen.</i>
Frank Oatland, -	- <i>Mr. Farwett.</i>	<i>Mr. Stuart.</i>
Farmer Oatland,	- <i>Mr. Waddy.</i>	<i>Mr. Curtis.</i>
Bronze, -	- <i>Mr. Farley.</i>	<i>Mr. King.</i>
Heartley, -	- <i>Mr. Hull.</i>	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
First Waiter, -	- <i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>	
Second Waiter, -	- <i>Mr. Street.</i>	
Mr. Vortex's Servant,	- <i>Mr. Abbot.</i>	
Servant to Sir Hubert,	<i>Mr. Blurton.</i>	
Landlord, -	- <i>Mr. Thompson.</i>	
Hair-dresser, -	- <i>Mr. Wild.</i>	
Ellen, -	- <i>Mrs. Pope.</i>	<i>Mrs. Yeates.</i>
Miss Vortex,	- <i>Mrs. Mattosks.</i>	<i>Mrs. Hitchcock.</i>
Jeffy Oatland,	- <i>Miss Wallis.</i>	<i>Mrs. Kenedy.</i>

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# A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE,

## A COMEDY.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

*A Farm Yard. House on one side, a neat Flower-Garden on the other. The Bells of a Team jingling.*

FRANK (*without.*)

WOYH! Whoh! Smiler! (*Enters.*) So Feyther be not come home from the Nabob's house yet. Eh! bean't that sister Jessy, in her garden, busy among the poseys?—Sister Jessy!

*Enter JESSY from the Garden, a watering-pot in her hand.*

Jessy. Ah, Frank! so soon returned from Gloucester? have you sold the corn?

Frank. Ees.

Jessy. And how did you like the town? you were never there before?

Frank. Loike it! I doant know how I loiked it, not I; I zomehow cou'dn't zee the town for the housen: desperate zight of 'em, to be sure.—But, Jessy, you who went to Lunnun Town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houses in Lunnun?

*Jessy.* A hundred times the number.

*Frank.* And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley, and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

*Jessy.* Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

*Frank.* St. James's Geat! Dong it; it wou'd be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat.—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

*Jessy.* The road to preferment, Frank.

*Frank.* Ecod, if your road to preferment be so cramm'd wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit.

*Jessy.* Ha, ha!

*Frank.* You seem to be in terrible good spirits, Jessy.

*Jessy.* I have reason, Frank. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward, who has left London on business with his father, Mr. Rapid, and will be here to-day.

*Frank.* I suppose it be a desperate long letter, and cruel sweet. Full of kisses and voluntines.—Nine sheets, I warrant.

*Jessy.* Hardly nine words. The truth is, that Edward, tho' handsome, generous, and I hope sincere, is impatient and hasty to a degree that—

*Frank.* Hasty! What then? when a man be on the road to do good, he can't go too fast, I say.—Bean't that Feyther coming thro' Wheat Ash? he have been drinking and gamestring all good Sunday night wi' Nabob's sarvants,—how whitish and deadly bad he do look. He us'd to be as comely and handsome as either of us, wasn't he now? Do you know, Jessy, at church yesterday, Sir Hubert, looking round, as he always do to see if his tenants be there, missed Feyther, and gave me such a desperate look, that I dropt prayer book out of my hand; and truly when Feyther do go to church I be always sham'd he never knows where to find the collect—never—I'm sure it be not my fault, he be so full of prodigality—  
never



never son set Feyther better example than I do's mine; what can I do more for 'un? it would not be becoming in me to leather Feyther, would it, Jeffy.

*Jeffy.* Here he comes, I'll return to my garden--to converse with him is to me dreadful; for, while my breast rises with indignation at his conduct as a man, it sinks again in pity for the misfortunes of a parent.

*Frank.* Now that's just like I—I feels as if I shou'd like to lick 'un, and cry all the time—But what will be the end on't, Jeffy?

*Jeffy.* Ruin, inevitable ruin! (*despondingly*)...

*Frank.* Well don't thee be cast down—three knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals I always gis thee the desperate nice bits; and if thy lover prove false hearted, or Feyther should come to decay, I be a terrible strong lad, I'll work for thee fra sunrise to down, and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

*Jeffy.* Thanks, my good lad! thanks, dear brother.

[*Kisses him, and exit.*]

*Frank.* As nice a bit of a sister that, as in all country round.

*Enter FARMER OATLAND (dressed in a compound of rusticity and fashion.*

*Oatld. (singing.)* Ba viamo tutti tra.—Dom it, this be what I call loife! Have you sold the wheat?

*Frank.* Ees.

*Oatld.* How much?

*Frank.* Two load—Six and twenty pound.

*Oatld. (yawning).* Exactly the trifle I lost last night.

*Frank.* What?

*Oatld.* Take it to the Nabob's gentleman.

*Frank.* I were going Feyther, to the castle, to ge it to Sir Hubert's steward for rent.

*Oatld.* Rent, you bore! That for Sir Hubert. (*snapping his fingers*). Ah, Nabob's sarvants be the tippy.—Every thing be done by them so genteelly.

*Frank.*



*Frank.* Ecod you be done by them genteely enough; I be sure that house have brought the country round to ruination. Before this Nabob came here wi' all his money and be domn'd to 'un; every thing were as peaceable and decent as never was;—not a lawyer within ten miles; now there be three practising in village; and what's ameanst as bad, there be three doctors; and the farmers so constated, drive about in their chay carts, eat lump sugar ev'ry day, and gi' balls.

*Oatld.* To be sure.

*Frank.* And what's the upshot? why that they jig it away to county jail.

*Oatld.* Tezez vous! Let me see—Great cassino be ten o diamonds. Well then, I play.—

*Frank.* Play! ecod, if you go on so, you mun work tho'.

*Oatld.* Next, I must take care of the speads.

*Frank.* No, Feyther, a spade mun take care o' you; By gol, here be Mr. Heartly, Sir Hubert's steward, now don't you be saucy to un, Feyther;—now do behave thyself—now that's a man, Feyther, do.

*[Clapping him on the back.]*

*Enter HEARTLY.*

*Heartly.* Good day, Farmer Oatland; how dost do, honest Frank?

*Frank.* Desperate pure, thank ye, fur.

*Heartly.* Well, farmer, once more I have called respecting your arrear of rent—Three hundred pound is a long sum.

*Frank.* Three hundred pound!

*Heartly.* And unless it be immediately discharged, Sir Hubert is resolved to—

*Oatld.* That for Sir Hubert—He shall have his rent—Frank, send your sister Jessy to the Nabob's, he'll let me have the money.

*Frank.* No! I won't—What business have sister at such a desperate prodigal place. Na, na, I'll go myself.

*Heartly.* You are in the right, honest Frank.

*Frank.* Yes fur, I always am.

*Oatld.*

*Oatld.* Ugh ! you vulgar mongrel---Well, desire the Nabob's gentleman to desire the Nabob to let me have three hundred pounds.

*Frank.* He won't gi' thee a brass farthing.

*Oatld.* Sir Hubert shall have his money--  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! my notion is, he wants it sad enough,  
ha ! ha !

*Heart.* Sirrah !

*Frank.* Don't ye mind 'un, fur, don't ye, he be's  
intoficated. Dorg thee behave thyself.

*(with sorrow and vexation).*

*Oatld.* Silence, you hound ! and obey !---Bon  
jour, Mr. Steward,---I'll to bed ---'Pon ho-  
nor, I must cut Champaigne, it makes me so narvous  
---Sir Hubert shall have his money, let that satisfy,  
---Follow me, cur. *[Exit into the house.]*

*Heartily.* Sad doings, Frank. *[Exit.]*

*(FRANK shakes his head and follows OATLAND.)*

SCENE II.---A Room in the Nabob's House.

*Enter ELLIN VORTEX, meeting BRONZE.*

*Ellen.* Good Mr. Bronze, have you been at  
Sir Hubert Stanley's ?

*Bronze.* Yes, ma'am.

*Ellen.* Is Charles Stanley arrived ?

*Bronze.* No, ma'am ; but he is hourly expect-  
ed.

*Ellen.* Do they say he is well---quite recovered ?

*Bronze.* I don't know, ma'am---upon my  
soul---I beg pardon, but really the Baronet's house  
is horrid vulgar, compar'd to your uncle's, the Na-  
bob's here ; I peeped thro' my glass into an old  
hall, and beheld fifty paupers at dinner, such  
wretches ! and the Baronet himself walking round  
the table to see them properly fed.---How damn'd  
low !---Ugh ! I wou'd bet a rump and dozen our  
second table is more genteelerer than Sir Hubert's  
own---but I must away, for we expect the rich Miss  
Vortex---I beg pardon ; but your name and the Na-  
bob's

bob's daughter being the same, we call her the rich, to distinguish—

*Ellen.* And you do wisely---no term of distinction cou'd possibly be more significant or better understood by the world, than that you have adopted.

*Bronze.* Hope no offence, ma'am.

*Ellen.* None, Bronze, go in---

*Bronze.* The last man on earth to offend a fine woman. [Exit:

*Ellen.* The rich Miss Vortex---most true.--But now my dear Charles Stanley is return'd, I claim the superior title of the Happy. Oh! Charles, when we parted last at Spa; how great the contrast; thy animated form was prison'd in the icy fetters of disease; thy pale and quiv'ring lip refused a last adieu;--But ah! a smile that seemed borrowed from a seraph who waited to bear thee up to Heaven, swore for thee everlasting love. That smile supported me in solitude,--but to solitude I have now bade adieu, and to be near the lord of my heart, have again enter'd this house, the palace of ruinous luxury and licentious madness :--but here comes its whimsical proprietor.

*Enter Mr. VORTEX with a paper in his hand, attended by black and white servants.*

*Vortex.* Sublime!--oh, the fame of this speech will spread to Indostan. Eh!--don't I smell the pure air in this room? Oh! you villains! would you destroy me, throw about the perfumes for legislative profundity; for fancy and decoration,---tis a speech.---

*Ellen.* What speech is it, Sir?

*Vortex.* Ah! Ellen--why my maiden speech in Parliament.--it will alarm all Europe--I'll speak it to you.--

*Ellen.* No, my dear uncle, not just now--I hear you've been ill.

*Vortex.* Oh! very---a strange agitation at my heart, and such a whizzing and spinning in my head---

*Ellen.*

*Ellen.* I hope you've had advice?—

*Vortex.* Oh, yes, I've had them all.—One physician told me it was caused by too brilliant and effervescent a genius;—the next said, it was the scurvy;—a third, it proceeded from not eating pepper to a melon;—another had the impudence to hint it was only little qualms that agitated some gentlemen who had made fortunes in India;—one recommended a sea voyage,—another a flannel night-cap;—one prescribed water,—the other brandy; but, however they all agreed in this essential point, that I'm not to be contradicted, but have my way in every thing.

*Ellen.* An extremely pleasant prescription, certainly. But under these circumstances do you hold it prudent, uncle, to become a parliamentary Orator? I believe a little *gentle* contradiction is usual in that House.

*Vortex.* I know it—but if you will hear my speech, you will see how I manage—I begin—  
—Sir—

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Your daughter, sir, is arrived from Town.

*Ellen.* Thank you cousin for this relief.—

[*Aside.*]

*Vortex.* Zounds! I'm not to be interrupted.

*Serv.* She is here, sir.

*Enter Miss VORTEX.*

*Miss Vor.* My dear Nabob, uncommon glad to see you. Ah! Ellen; what, tired of seclusion and a cottage?

*Ellen.* I hope, cousin, I am welcome to you.

*Miss Vor.* Certainly; you know we are uncommon glad to see any body in the country—but, my dear Nabob, you don't inquire about the opening of our town-house.

*Nabob.* I was thinking of my speech.

*Miss*

*Ellen.*



*Miss Vor.* The most brilliant house-warming-- uncommon full, above a thousand people--every body there.

*Ellen.* Pray, cousin, do you then visit every body?

*Miss Vor.* Certainly, they must ask me.

*Ellen.* Must! I shou'd imagine that wou'd depend on inclination.

*Miss Vor.* Inclination! pssha! I beg your pardon; but you are really uncommon ignorant my dear. They must ask me, I tell you.--Now suppose a Dutchess rash enough to shut me from her parties; --very well.--She names a night.--I name the same; and give an entertainment greatly surpassing her's in splendour and profusion.--What is the consequence?--why, that her rooms are as deserted as an Ex-minister's levee; and mine cramm'd to suffocation with her Grace's most puissant and noble friends--Ha! ha! my dear Ellen, the court of St. James's run after a good supper as eagerly as the court of Aldermen.--Ha! ha! your being in this country, Nabob, was thought quite charming.--A host not being at home to receive his guests is uncommon new and elegant, isn't.--Here we improve, my dear, on ancient hospitality--those little memorandums, Nabob, will give you an idea of the sort of thing.

*Vort. (Reads.)* "March"--Oh! that's a delightful month, when Nature produces nothing, and every thing is forc'd.--Let me see--"50 quarts of green peas at five guineas a quart,"--that was pretty well:--"500 peaches"--at what?--"a guinea each."--Oh! too cheap.

*Miss Vor.* 'Tis very true; but I assure you I tried every where to get them dearer; but cou'd not.

*Vort.* And I suppose the new white satin furniture was all spoil'd.

*Miss Vor.* Oh! entirely--and the pier glasses shivered to pieces so delightfully.

*Vor.* Well, I hope you had the whole account put in the papers?

*Miss*



*Miss Vor.* Certainly, else what would have been the use of giving the fete. Then the company; such charming eccentricity, such characters out of character.—We had a noble Peer bowing for custom to his shop, and an Alderman turning over the music leaves for the celebrated Soprano; an Orator's lady detailing her husband's three hours speech in Parliament, and the Orator himself describing how puppets are managed at the Fantoccini; we had grandmothers making assignations with boys, and the children of Israel joining the host of Pharaoh.—Oh! my dear Miss Vortex, why don't you partake in these charming scenes?

*Ellen.* My dear Miss Vortex, six suppers would annihilate my fortune.

*Miss Vor.* Oh true, I forgot your uncommon small fortune. But I don't think it much signifies. I swear, people of fashion in town seem to do as well without money, as with it. You might be successful at play. There are points to be learnt, which certainly do not give you the worst of the game. Come, will you be my protégée?

*Ellen.* Excuse me, cousin. I dare say I ought to be covered with blushes, when I own a vulgar detestation of the character of a female gamester, and I must decline the honor of your introduction to the haut ton till at least they have justice on their side.

*Miss Vor.* An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

*Ellen.* Heavens! to what state of abject degradation must fashionable society be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by cut purses in the wretched haunts of St. Giles.

*Miss Vor.* For shame, Ellen, to censure your own sex.

*Ellen.* No, madam. I am its advocate, and in that sex's name protest an abhorrence of those women, who do not consider any thing shameful but to be ashamed of any thing; whose resemblance to nature and innocence exists but in their nakedness, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming table.

B

[Exit.  
Miss

*Miss Ver.* Did you ever hear, Nabob?

*Vortex.* I did not hear a word she said; I was thinking of my speech.

*Miss Ver.* A pert, Gothic, low-bred creature! But her contemptible fortune suits uncommon well with her gravelling ideas.

*Vortex.* Don't you talk of her fortune, it always makes my poor head worse. You know at the time I gave her five thousand pounds in lieu of what I called her expectations, I had in my hands an enormous sum of her's. O dear! I'm afraid the doctor was right—ah! mine are certainly East India qualms—I wonder if giving her fifty thousand back again would do my heart any good.

*Miss Ver.* What! my dear Nabob? I declare you quite shock me.

*Vortex.* Oh conscience!

*Miss Ver.* Conscience! he! he! a thing so uncommon vulgar, a thing so completely chauffèed; besides, you know very well it is absolutely impossible to exist under 20,000*l.* a-year.

*Vortex.* That's very true.

*Miss Ver.* Some people certainly do contrive to grub on with ten thousand, but how they do it is to me miraculous; then think of your intention of marrying me to the son of your great rival the baronet; think of his borough.

*Vortex.* Ah! very true.—Conscience avault; I have made a motion on matrimony to Sir Hubert.

*Miss Ver.* And young Stanley's arrival; Oh! what a sweet youth!

*Vortex.* Oh! what a sweet borough interest! But I am glad your heart is interested.

*Miss Ver.* Heart interested! Lud, how can you suspect me of so uncommon vulgar a sensation. I trust my joy is occasioned by ideas more becoming a woman of fashion.—I am charm'd because his fortune is large, his family ancient; and because my marriage will render all my female friends so uncommon miserable; and because I suspect that Ellen met young Stanley at Spa, and that she dares aspire to—

*Vortex.* I wish she were out of the house.

*Miss*

*Mis Vor.* No——She shall stay to witness my triumph.

*Vortex.* Shall stay.—I'm not to be contradicted, you know—my physicians—

*Mis Vor.* Certainly not, my dear Nabob; but I may recommend; I'm sure no physician would object to your taking advice. Ah! does Ellen love you as I do?—will she listen to your speech as I intend to do?—would she throw away thousands for you in a night, as I do?

*Vortex.* Very true! very true! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Pleasure Ground, and View of an ancient Castle.*

*Enter four Servants dress'd in old-fashion'd liveries, then Sir HUBERT STANLEY and HEARTLY.*

*Sir Hub.* Good Heartly, is all prepar'd for my boy's reception, his favourite study on the southern battlement?—Are his dogs train'd—his hunters well condition'd?

*Heart.* To say truth, Sir Hubert, the castle has been all day in quarrel, each servant claiming the right of exclusive attendance on his dear young master.

*Sir Hub.* I thank their honest loves. He writes me he is well, good Heartly; quite well.—Ha! the village bells proclaim my boy's arrival.—Dost thou hear the people's shouts?

*Heart.* Aye, and it revives my old heart.

*Sir Hub.* These welcomes are the genuine effusions of love and gratitude.—Spite of this Nabob's arts; you see how my loving neighbours respect me.

*Enter Servant.*

Where is my boy?

*Serv.* Not yet arriv'd, sir.

*Sir Hub.* No!

*Serv.* These rejoicings are for the Nabob's daughter, who is just come from London.

*Sir Hub.* Indeed! (*perishly*) Well, well.

*Serv.* My young master will alight privately at Oatland's farm, and walk through the park. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Hub.* The Nabob's daughter!—Well, let it pass.—Heartley, what said farmer Oatland?

*Heart.* Nothing but what profligacy and insolence dictated—he defied your power, and sent to the Nabob.

*Sir Hub.* Ungrateful man! let a distress be issued.—Hold; no, no.

*Heart.* Indeed, Sir Hubert, he is undeserving your lenity.—Besides, sir, your mortgagee, Mr. Rapid, the wealthy taylor, will be here to-day—the interest on the mortgage must be paid—some of your election bills remain unliquidated, and I fear without a further mortgage—

*Sir Hub.* Don't torture. Pardon me, good old man.

*Heart.* Truly, Sir Hubert, what might have been effected with 5000*l* some years ago, will now require ten—you must retrench your hospitable benevolence.

*Sir Hub.* My worthy steward, my head has long acknowledg'd the truth of your arithmetic—but my head could never teach it to my heart.

*Heart.* And, sir, you may raise your rents.

*Sir Hub.* Never, Heartley—never—What! shall the many suffer that I may be at ease!—But away with care—this is a moment devoted to ecstasy—this is the hour a doating father is to clasp an only child, who, after combating with disease and death, returns triumphant to his arms in lussy health and manhood.—Ah! he approaches; 'tis my boy—Dost thou not see him in the beechen avenue, —Dull old man, advance thine hand thus.—(*putting his hand over his forehead*)—See how his eyes wander with delight, and renovate the pictures of his youth.—Ah! now he sees his father, and flies like lightning.

*Enter CHARLES STANLEY --(kneels).*

*Charles.* My honour'd—my lov'd father!

*Sir Hub.* Rise to my heart.—Stand off, and let my eyes gloat upon thee—thou art well.—Thy arm, good



good Heartley.—Nay, do not weep, old Honey,  
(will infect me)

*Charles.* Ah, my excellent old friend—in health  
I hope?

*Heart.* Aye, good master, and this day will  
make me young again.

*Charles.* Dear father, already must I become a  
suitor to you.—Passing Oatland's farm, I found  
his lovely daughter Jessy in tears, occasion'd by  
her father's inability to pay his rent. I dried them  
with a promise—(*Heartley shakes his head, and Sir  
Hubert averts his face*).—Ha! your brow is  
clouded with unhappiness!—pray, sir—

*Sir Hub.* Good Heartley, leave us—(*Exit  
HEARTLEY and Servants*).—Charles, so mix'd is  
the cup of life, that this day, the happiest thy old  
father can e'er hope to see, is dash'd with bitter-  
ness and sorrow, boy: I've been a very anthrast to  
thee.

*Charles.* Oh, sir!

*Sir Hub.* Listen to me—You have heard how  
my father kept alive the benevolent hospitality that  
once distinguish'd old England, and I not finding  
in modern ethics aught likely to improve either the  
morals or happiness of mankind, determin'd to  
persevere in the ways of my fathers. Soon after  
you went abroad the adjoining estate was purchased  
by an East Indian, groaning under wealth produc'd  
by groans. Like the viper, after collecting in the  
warm sunshine his bag of venom, he came to the  
abode of peace and innocence, and disseminated his  
poison. But mark me—think me not so unjust,  
boy, as with random slander to censure any body  
of men.—No, thank heaven; there are numbers  
whom Providence, in addition to the power, has  
added the will, to render wealth a blessing to all  
around them.

*Charles.* You are ever just and liberal.

*Sir Hub.* But for this vile exception, this Mr.  
Vortex, little thees riot, contention, indolence,  
and vice succeeded. I struggled against this mis-  
chief, which spur'd him on to oppose me in my  
election. This contest (I trust, Charles, you think



the dignity of our family demanded it)—this contest, I say, oblig'd me to mortgage my estate to a considerable amount; and I fear, boy, even that will not suffice.—Dost thou not blame thy father?

*Charles.* Blame, sir? my fortune, nay, my life is held but to promote your happiness.

*Sir Hub.* Glorious boy! then all will be well again—thy estate restor'd, thy wealth enlarg'd.

*Charles.* How?

*Sir Hub.* By marriage, Charles.—(*Charles averts his face with dejection.*)

*Charles.* Marriage, sir!—To conceal the passion that triumphs here, were but to deceive a father, and injure the bright excellence I love. When I was ill at Spa, the votaries of pleasure avoided me as the harbinger of melancholy, and I was despis'd as a thing passing into oblivion by all but one fair creature. I obtain'd an opportunity to thank her for the charitable pity her eye had beam'd on me. Love soon kindled his torch at Pity's altar, for I found in Miss Vortex such excellence—

*Sir Hub.* Who?

*Charles.* Miss Vortex, sir.

*Sir Hub.* From India?

*Charles.* The same.

*Sir Hub.* She that is now propos'd for your alliance.

*Charles.* Is it possible?

*Sir Hub.* And waits your arrival in the neighbourhood.

*Charles.* Oh! let me haste to her.—Yet hold! Frank Oatland attends to hear your determination.

*Sir Hub.* At present, Charles, I cannot grant your suit.—(*CHARLES beckons in FRANK.*)—Young man, tell your father the law must take its course. When I see in him symptoms of contrition and amendment, I may restore him.

*Frank.* Thank ye,—thank ye, sur.

*Charles.* How came this distress to fall on him?

*Frank.* Why, sur, he went on farming pretty tightish, didn't he, sur? till he keep't company wi' Nabob's servants; then all of a sudden, he took to the gentleman line. I conceats, sur, he did'nt much

much understand the trim on't, for the gentleman line did'nt answer at all. I hope your honour bea'n't angry wi' I for speaking to young 'Squire; your worship do know I were a bit of a playfellow wi' him, and we followed our studies together.

*Sir Hub.* Indeed!

*Frank.* Ees, sur, we went through our letters—and a-b-ab—e-b-eb—there somehow I stuck, and 'Squire went clean away into abbreviation and abomination; and then I never cou'd take much to your pens, they be so cruel small; now a pitchfork do fit my hand so desperate kindly as never was.

*Sir Hub.* Ha! ha! Come my boy, you'll want refreshment. [*Exit. FRANK bows, and is going.*]

*Charles.* What honest Frank, will you not walk with me to the castle?

*Frank.* If your honour be so gracious.

*Charles.* Nay, wear your hat.

*Frank.* O dear! O dear! what a pity nobody do see I.

*Charles.* Come, brother student, your hand.

*Frank.* My hand! Lord dong it, only think o' I. [*Exeunt hand in hand.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A room in an Inn.*

*Enter two Waiters with luggage, meeting. Bronze.*

*1st. Wait.* Coming Sir.

*Y. R. 1st. (without.)* Zounds, why don't you come? Why don't all of you come, eh!

*Bronze,*

*Bronze.* Waiter, who are these people?

*1st. Wait.* I don't know, Mr. Bronze.—The young one seems a queer one—he jump'd out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipp'd the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving; and tho' not a minute in the house, he had been in every room, from the garret to the cellar.

*2d. Wait.* Father and son I understand.—The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

*Bronze.* Rapid! (*aside*). Perhaps it is my old master, the great taylor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

*1st. Wat.* Here he comes, full dash, and the old man trotting after him like a terrier. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter old and young Rapid.*

*Y. Rap.* Come along dad—push on my dear dad—Well, here we are—keep moving.

*O. Rap.* Moving! zounds, haven't I been moving all night in the mail coach, to please you?

*Y. Rap.* Mail! famous thing, isn't it? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, step, and jump—dash along.

*O. Rap.* Od rot! such hurry scurry doings, I say. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley, and now I must sit biting my fingers—

*Y. Rap.* Biting your fingers! no, no—I'll find you something to do.—Come, we'll keep moving.

[*Takes his father by the arm, who resists.*]

*Enter LANDLORD.*

*Land.* Gentlemen, I beg leave—

*Y. Rap.* No profling—To the point—

*O. Rap.* For shame—don't interrupt the gentleman.

*Y. Rap.* Gently, dad—dash away, sir.

*Land.* A servant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been enquiring for Mr. Rapid.

*Y. Rap.* Push on! —

*Land.* And expects him at the castle.

*Y. Rap.*

*T. Rap.* That will do—push off—brash—run!

[*Exit Landlord (running).*]

That's the thing—keep moving—I say, dad!

*O. Rap.* What do you say, Neddy?

*T. Rap.* Neddy! dam'it, don't call me Neddy. I hate to be call'd Neddy.

*O. Rap.* Well, I won't.

*O. Rap.* That's settled—I say-- what's your business with Sir Hubert?—Some secret, eh?

*O. Rap.* (*aside*). I won't tell you. Oh no-- a bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

*T. Rap.* Pugh! he's a ready-money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life--It won't do.

*O. Rap.* Well then, sit down, and I'll tell you (*they sit*). Can you sit still a moment?

*T. Rap.* (*jumping up*). To be sure I can-- now tell me briefly--briefly. [*Sits again.*]

*O. Rap.* (*aside*). Indeed I will not--You must know--

*T. Rap.* Aye--

*O. Rap.* You must know--

*T. Rap.* Zounds! you've said that twice--now don't say it again.

*O. Rap.* Well, I won't.--You must know--it's a very long story.

*T. Rap.* (*rising*). Then I'll not trouble you.

*O. Rap.* (*aside*). I thought so. And pray what might induce you to come with me?

*T. Rap.* (*aside*). Won't tell him of Jessy.--Oh, as we had given up trade, left off stitching--you know my way--I like to push on--change the scene, that's all--keep moving.

*O. Rap.* Moving! (*yawns*). Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night-gown. (*Waiter helps him on with a night-gown--he lays his coat on a chair*).

*T. Rap.* What are you at, dad?

*O. Rap.* Going to take a nap on that sofa.

*T. Rap.* A nap--pugh!

*O. Rap.* Zounds! I've no comfort of my life with you.

*T. Rap.*



*T. Rap.* Say no more.

*O. Rap.* But I will, tho'—hurry, hurry—od rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half dressed; and as for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

*T. Rap.* You sleep so slow.

*O. Rap.* Sleep slow! I'll sleep as slow as I please; so at your peril disturb me. Sleep slow indeed! (*yawning*). [Exit.

*T. Rap.* Now to visit Jeffy. Waiter!

*Waiter.* Sar! (*with great quickness*).

*T. Rap.* That's right—fir—short—you're a fine fellow.

*Waiter.* Yes, sar.

*T. Rap.* Does Farmer Oatland live hereabouts?

*Waiter.* Yes, sar.

*T. Rap.* How far?

*Waiter.* Three miles.

*T. Rap.* Which way?

*Waiter.* West.

*T. Rap.* That will do—get me a buggy.

*Waiter.* Yes, sar.

*T. Rap.* Oh, if my old dad had left off business as some of your flashy taylor's do, I might have kept a curricke, and lie'd like a man. Is the buggy ready?

*Waiter.* No, sar.

*T. Rap.* But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand—Is the buggy ready?

*Waiter.* No, sar.

*T. Rap.* Or to have dashed to Jeffy in a curricke—Is the buggy ready?

*Waiter.* No, sar. [Exit.

*T. Rap.* To have flunk'd along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. (*Puts himself in the act of driving, and sits on the chair where OLD RAPID left his coat—springs from it again.*) What the devil's that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in Father's pocket. Confound it! what does he carry needles now for? (*Searches the pocket.*) Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Curse it! Eh! what's this? (*Reads*) "To Mr. Rapid—Frge—

Hubert



Hubert Stanley." Ha, ha, ha, here's dad's secret—  
Now for it! (*Reads very quick*). "Sir Hubert  
"Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the  
Castle, and wou'd be glad to extend the mortgage,  
which is now 50,000l." What's this? (*Reads  
again*)—"Extend the mortgage, "which is now  
50,000l. to seventy." Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis  
so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps se-  
venty—perhaps—I'll—no—I'll—

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* The buggy's ready, sir.

*T. Rap.* Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and  
I'll—

*Waiter.* Perhaps you wou'd prefer a chaise and  
pair?

*T. Rap.* No, I'll have a chaise and twelve.  
Abscond! (*Exit Waiter.*) I must—I must keep  
moving---I must travel for improvement. First  
I'll see the whole of my native country, its agricul-  
ture and manufactories. That, I think, will take  
me full four days and a half. Next I'll make the  
tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will I dare  
say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, re-  
turning as completely vers'd in foreign manners and  
languages as the best of them, I'll make a push at  
high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving.  
Fifty thousand! perhaps more---perhaps---ho!

*Waiter. (without).* You can't come in.

*Bronze (without).* I tell you I will come in.

*T. Rap.* Will come in!--that's right---push on,  
whoever you are.

*Enter BRONZE.*

*Bronze.* I thought so. How do you do, Mr.  
Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's  
foreman, when you were a boy?

*T. Rap.* Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze?  
Any thing to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do  
you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discover'd  
that my father is worth—how much, think you?

*Bronze.* Perhaps ten thousand.

*T. Rap.* Push on.

*Bronze.*

Bronze. Twenty.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Y. Rap. Fifty—perhaps—sixty—seventy—oh !  
I'll tell you. He has lent 50,000 l. on mortgage,  
to an old Baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St. —

Y. Rap. (*stopping him*). I know his name as  
well as you do.

Bronze. (*aside*). Here's news for my master !  
Well, Sir, what do you mean to do ?

Y. Rap. Do ! Push on—become a man of  
fashion, to be sure.

Bronze. What wou'd you say, if I were to get  
you introduced to a Nabob ?

Y. Rap. A Nabob ! Oh ! some flash-in-the-pan  
chap.

Bronze. Oh, no !

Y. Rap. What, one of your real, genuine, neat  
as imported, Nabobs ?

Bronze. Yes ; Mr. Vortex.—Did you never  
hear of him ?

Y. Rap. To be sure I have. But will you ?

Bronze. Yes.

Y. Rap. Ah ! but will you do it directly ?

Bronze. I will.

Y. Rap. Then push off—Stop—stop—I  
beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop  
any man, because I wish every body to keep mov-  
ing. But won't dad's being a taylor, make an ob-  
jection ?

Bronze. No ; as you never went out with the  
pattern books.

Y. Rap. (*sighing*). Oh yes, I did.

Bronze. That's awkward.—But you never ope-  
rated ?

Y. Rap. (*with melancholy*). What do you say ?

Bronze. I say you never—(*describes in action  
the act of sewing*).

Y. Rap. (*sighing deeper*). Oh ! yes, I did.

Bronze.

*Bronze.* That's unlucky.

*T. Rap.* Very melancholy indeed!

*Bronze.* I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants.

*T. Rap.* My dear fellow, sink the taylor, and I'll give you a hundred.

*Bronze.* Will you? Thank you.

*T. Rap.* Now push off.

*Bronze.* But don't be out of the way.

*T. Rap.* Me! bless you, I'm always in the way.

*Bronze.* Don't move.

*T. Rap.* Yes, I must move a little—away you go—(*pushes Bronze off*). Huzza! now to awake old dad. (*Exit, and returns with OLD RAPID.*) Come along, dad.

*O. Rap.* (*half asleep*). Yes, fir—yes, fir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

*T. Rap.* He's asleep.—awake!—

*O. Rap.* What's the matter, eh? What's the matter?

*T. Rap.* What's the matter! I've found fifty thousand in that letter?

*O. Rap.* Indeed! (*opens the letter eagerly*). Ah! Neddy, have you found out—

*T. Rap.* I have---that you are worth---how much?

*O. Rap.* Why, since what's past—

*T. Rap.* Never mind what's past.

*O. Rap.* I've been a fortunate man. My old partner us'd to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid. "Your needle always sticks in the right place."

*T. Rap.* No, not always (*shrugging*). But how much?

*O. Rap.* Why as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage.—Item, fifteen thousand in the Consols.—Item—

*T. Rap.* Never mind the Items.—The total, my dear dad—the total.

*O. Rap.* What do you think of a plum?

*T. Rap.* A plum! Oh, sweet, agreeable, little, short word!

O. Rap. Besides seven hundred and ninety——

T. Rap. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? Dam'me, you must have kept moving.

O. Rap. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds; which, at compound interest, if you multiply——

T. Rap. No; you have multiplied it famously. It's my business to reduce it (*aside*). Now, my dear dad, in the first place never call me Neddy.

O. Rap. Why, what must I call you?

T. Rap. Ned—short—Ned.

O. Rap. Ned! O Ned!

T. Rap. That will do. And, in the next place, sink the taylor. Whatever you do, sink the taylor.

O. Rap. Sink the taylor! What do you mean?

T. Rap. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

O. Rap. You don't say so! Huzza; it will be the making of us.

T. Rap. To be sure. Such fashion! such style!

O. Rap. Aye, and such a quantity of liveries, and—Oh dear me! (*with great dejection*).

T. Rap. What's the matter?

O. Rap. (*sighing*). I forgot I had left off business.

T. Rap. Business! Confound it! Now, pray keep the taylor under, will you? I'll—I'll send an express to London (*runs to the table*).

O. Rap. An express for what?

T. Rap. I don't know.—

*Enter Waiter.*

Waiter. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

T. Rap. Bring it here (*reads*). "Turbots—

"Salmon—Soles—Haddock—Beef—Mutton—

"Veal—Lamb—Pork—Chickens—Ducks—

"Turkies—Puddings—Pyes."—Dress it all—that's the short way.

Waiter. All!

T. Rap. Every bit.

O. Rap. No, no, nonsense.—The short way indeed!



indeed! Come here, fir.—Let me see—*(reads)*.  
 "Um—Um—Ribbs of beef."—That's a good  
 thing;—I'll have that.

*Y. Rap.* What?

*Waiter.* Ribbs of beef, fir.

*Y. Rap.* Are they the short ribs?

*Waiter.* Yes, fir.

*Y. Rap.* That's right.

*Waiter.* What liquor wou'd your honour like?

*Y. Rap.* *(jumping up)*. Spruce beer.

*Waiter.* Very well, fir.

*Y. Rap.* I must have some clothes.

*O. Rap.* I'm sure that's a very good coat

*Y. Rap.* Waiter!—I must have a dashing  
 coat for the Nabob. Is there a rascally taylor any  
 where near you?

*Waiter.* Yes, fir;—there are two close by *(Fa-  
 ther and Son look at each other)*.

*Y. Rap.* Umph! Then tell one of them to send  
 me some clothes.

*Waiter.* Sir, he must take your measure.

*O. Rap.* To be sure he must.

*Y. Rap.* Oh true! I remember the fellows do  
 measure you somehow with long bits of—Well—  
 send for the scoundrel. *[Exit Waiter.]*

*O. Rap.* Oh, for shame of yourself! I've no  
 patience.

*Y. Rap.* Like you the beter. —Hate patience  
 as much as you do, ha! ha! —Must swagger a  
 little.

*O. Rap.* Ah! I am too fond of you, I am, Ned.  
 Take my fortune; but only remember this—By the  
 faith of a man I came by it honestly—and all I ask  
 is, that it may go as it came.

*Y. Rap.* Certainly. But we must keep moving,  
 you know.

*O. Rap.* Well, I don't care if I do take a bit of  
 a walk with you.

*Y. Rap.* Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have  
 a gallop together. Come along dad.—Push on  
 dad.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Mr. VORTEX's House.**Enter Mr. VORTEX, ELLEN, and Miss VORTEX.*

*Ellen.* Married to Charles Stanley ! You, Madam ?

*Miss Vor.* Yes, I.

*Ellen.* I'll not believe it.

*Miss Vor.* Well, I vow that's uncommon comic. And why not, my forsaken cousin ?

*Ellen.* First, madam, I know Charles Stanley would only form so sacred an alliance where his affections pointed out the object. Secondly, I feel those affections to be mine.

*Vortex.* Thirdly, an inconstant swain was a thing never heard of; and, to conclude, pray peruse that letter—

*Ellen.* (*reads*). "Sir Hubert Stanley informs "Mr. Vortex that his son embraces with eager joy "the proposals for his marriage with Mr. Vortex's "daughter." (*Drops the letter.*) Then every thing is possible. Oh love !

*Vortex.* Nay, don't you abuse poor Cupid—his conduct has been perfectly parliamentary. Self interest has made the little gentleman move over to the other side, that's all (*Knocking at the door.*)

*Ellen.* Heavens ! should this be——

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Young Mr. Stanley, sir.

*Ellen.* My soul sinks within me.

*Miss Vor.* (*with affected tenderness*). Upon my honour, my dear, you had better retire.—Your agitation——

*Ellen.* I thank you, madam (*going*). Hold.—No ;—with your permission I'll remain (*returns*).

*Miss Vor.* Just as you please. What a triumph ! Oh, how uncommon delicious !

*Ellen.* Now heart be firm ! (*Retires from the front of the stage.*)

*Enter*

*Enter CHARLES STANLEY with eagerness,—Starts.*

*Miss Vor.* How he's struck!

*Vortex.* Exceedingly.

*Charles.* What can this mean? (*aside*). Ma—mad—madam—the confusion that—that—that—

*Miss Vor.* I must cheer him with a smile. (*During this ELLEN advances to the front of the stage, so as to leave Miss VORTEX between her and STANLEY.*)

*Charles.* (*seeing ELLEN*). Ah! what heaven of brightness breaks in upon me! Lovely Miss Vortex, can I believe my happiness? Will those arms receive me? (*Miss VORTEX, thinking this addressed to her, opens her arms; STANLEY rushes past her to ELLEN.*) My Ellen!

*Ellen.* Oh, Charles, the sufferings my heart underwent this moment, and the joy it now feels is such, I cannot speak. (*They retire.*)

*Miss Vor.* Nabob! Nabob!

*Vortex.* What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* The matter! won't you resent this?

*Vortex.* Oh dear! not I.

*Miss Vor.* Will you bear an insult?

*Vortex.* My physicians order me not to mind being insulted at all; nothing is to provoke me.

*Miss Vor.* Provoke you!—If I were a man, I would—Oh!

*Vortex.* I don't like his looks,—he seems a desperate—

*Miss Vor.* What do you mean to do?

*Vortex.* Why, as this is a very extraordinary case—

*Miss Vor.* Certainly.

*Vortex.* I think it best to—adjourn (*goes up the stage, Miss VORTEX follows*).

*STANLEY and ELLEN come forward.*

*Charles.* I perceive the mistake; but my heart confess'd but one Miss Vortex.—I thought the name, like the superior virtues you adorn it with, attach'd alone to Ellen. The embarrassments of my paternal estate demanded a marriage with a woman of fortune.

*Ellen.* What do I hear?

*Charles.* Why this alarm?

*Ellen.* Alarm! Must not those words terrify which separate me from you for ever?

*Charles.* What means my Ellen?

*Ellen.* Oh, Stanley, hear me. On my return to England, Mr. Vortex, to whom the care of my property was entrusted, was ever pressing on my mind the difficulty of recovering my father's India possessions. Each messenger that arrived from you, confirmed the melancholy tale, that my Stanley was sinking into an early grave. Oh! what then was fortune or the world to me? I sought out solitude, and willingly assigned to Mr. Vortex what he called my expectations, for five thousand pounds.

*Charles.* Yet you shall be mine.

*Ellen.* No, Charles, I will not bring you poverty. I'll return to solitude, and endeavour to teach this lesson to my heart, "That it will be joy enough to know that Stanley is well and happy."  
(*Going.*)

*Charles.* Stay, Ellen—think deeply before you consign the man that loves you to certain misery.

*Ellen.* True—in a few hours let me see you again. The opposing agitations my mind has suffered unfit me for further conversation.

*Charles.* In a few hours, then, you'll allow me to see you?

*Ellen.* Allow you to see me!—Oh! Stanley, farewell!  
[*Exit.*]

*Mr. and Miss VORTEX come forward.*

*Miss Vor.* Now speak.

*Vortex.* We had better pair off.

*Miss V. r.* No—speak with spirit.

*Vortex.* I will.—Sir, I cannot help saying, that every man, that is, every man of honor—

*Miss Vor.* That's right!—say that again.

*Vortex.* That every man of honor—(*raising his voice*).

*Charles.* Well, sir?

*Vortex.* Is—is—the—the—best judge of his own actions.

*Charles.*



*Charles.* I perfectly agree with you —— and wish you a good morning. [Exit.]

*Miss Vor.* So, then, I'm to be insulted, despis'd and laugh'd at, and no duel is to take place---no body is to be kill'd---my tender heart is to feel no satisfaction——(weeps).

*Vortex.* I fight!---Do you consider the preciousness of a legislator's life?

"A county suffers when a Member bleeds."

*Enter BRONZE.*

*Bronze.* Oh, sir, such news!

*Vortex.* What! is Parliament convened?

*Bronze.* No, sir; but I have found out that the Baronet is ——

*Vortex.* What of him?

*Bronze.* Ruin'd!

*Miss Vor.* (drying her eyes). Well! that's some satisfaction.

*Bronze.* I met at the inn the Mr. Rapid's merchants I formerly liv'd with, who have a large mortgage on his estate, and he wants to borrow more—So, sir, I told them I was sure my master would be proud to see them at Bangalore-Hall, because I thought, sir——

*Vortex.* I know—I have it. I'll shew them every attention; and if I can but get hold of the mortgage, I'll ——

*Miss Vor.* Oh! uncommon charming!

*Vortex.* (to Miss VORTEX). Now do you go and write a note, and say we will wait on them.—Ah! use policy instead of pistols, and I would fight any man—for, as I say in my speech, "Policy, Mr. Speaker, is——"

*Miss Vor.* Exactly, Nabob—but I must write the letter, you know. Is the young merchant handsome?

*Bronze.* Yes, madam.

*Miss Vor.* So much the better.

*Vortex.* You see, Bronze, the turn I give it is this—"Policy, Mr. Speaker, says I——"

*Bronze.* Very true, sir; but I believe my mistress calls—I attend you, madam.

[Exit.]

*Vortex.*

*Vortex.* Confound it! Will nobody hear my speech? then I'll speak it to myself.—“Policy, Mr. Speaker——”

*Enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* How do you do, fur?

*Vortex.* What! interrupted again!—Approach, don't be afraid.

*Frank.* Lord, fur, I bean't afeard; Why should I?—I defies the devil and all his works.

*Vortex.* If this be what is called rough honesty, give me a little smooth-tongu'd roguery. I don't know you, fellow!

*Frank.* Ees, fur, you do—I be's Frank Oatland.

*Vortex.* Begone! I know nothing of you.

*Frank.* Ees, fur, you do—I've a bit of a sister call'd Jeffy.

*Vortex.* Eh! ah!

*Frank (aside).* Dom um, he knaws me well enough now.

*Vortex.* Oh! very true—Frank Oatland, aye! Well, good Frank, how is Jeffy?

*Frank.* Charming, fur! charming!

*Vortex.* Aye, that she is, lovely and charming, indeed! (*aside*)—And how are you, Frank?

*Frank.* I be's charming too, fur!

*Vortex.* But why don't Jeffy visit my people here? I should be always happy to see her.

*Frank.* Should you, fur? Why, if I may be so bold as to ax, why, fur?

*Vortex.* Because—because—she is—a—farmer Oatland's child.

*Frank.* So be I, fur. How comes it, then, that you never axes I to your balls and ostentations? I can dance twice as long as sister can.

*Vortex.* Cunning fellow this!—I must buy him. Well, Frank, what are your commands?

*Frank.* Why, fur, Feyther do command you to lend him three hundred pounds—no, fur, I mean he supplicates.

*Vortex.* Three hundred pounds!

*Frank.* I'll tell you, fur, all about it.—You know, fur, Feyther have been knuckled out of a

most

most cruel fight of money by you at weagering and cards.

*Vortex.* By me, fellow ! Do you think I associate with such reptiles ?

*Frank.* Ecod, it was either you or t'other gentleman.

*Vortex.* T'other gentleman !

*Frank.* I dan't know which be which, not I. — There be two of you

*Vortex.* Two of us !

*Frank.* Ees ; there be you—that be one ;—and there be your gentleman—he do make the pair.

*Vortex.* The pair !—And have I been buying a hundred thousand pounds worth of respect for this ? Have I become a Member—to pair off with my valet ?

*Frank.* Ecod, and a comical pair you be !—T'other gentleman be's a tightish, conceated sort of a chap enough ;—but you be a little—he ! he ! (*smothering a laugh*).

*Vortex.* Upon my soul, this is very pleasant—You are quite free and easy.

*Frank.* Quite, sur ; quite. Feyther do tell I it be all the fashion.

*Vortex.* He does !—Then you may tell Feyther, that if he has lost his money at play, the winners won't give him sixpence to save him from starving, that be all the fashion.—By their distress the pretty Jessy will be more in my power, and then I can reinstate them in a farm upon terms (*aside*) Go, fellow ! I shall not send your Father sixpence.

*Frank.* The words I told un—the very words I told un.—Says I—“ Feyther, he bean't the man will gi' thee a brais farthing. Dong it, he hasn't it here, says I” (*laying his hand upon his heart*).

*Vortex.* You said so, did you ?

*Frank.* Ees—so you see, sur, what a desperate cute laid I be.

*Vortex.* (*aside*). I'll set a trap for you, you dog— I'll have you in my power, however ; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then—(*drops his purse*)— A pair of us ! I'll lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are.

[*Exit.*  
*Frank.*

*Frank.* Poor Feyther, poor Sister, and poor I! Feyther will go broken-hearted, for sartain;—and then sister Jeffy's coming to labour. —I can't bear the thought on't. Od dom thee! if I could but get hold of some of thy money, I'd teak care thee should not get it again.—Eh! (*sees the purse, walks round it*). Well, now, I declare that do look for all the world like a purse. How happy it would make poor Feyther and Sister! I coneceates there wou'd be no harm just to touch it;—(*takes it up with caution*);—it be cruel tempting. Nobody do see I.—I wonder how it wou'd feel in my pocket (*puts it with fear into his pocket*). Wouns! how hot I be! Cruel warm to be sure. Who's that? Nobody.—Oh! l—l—l—u d, lud! and I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all of a sudden,—and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping.—I believe I be going to die (*falls into a chair*). Eh!—Eh!—Mayhap it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out (*throws it down*).—After a pause) Ees, now I is better.—Dear me, quite an alteration.—My head doant spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do so keep tiuuping, intuping, I can't help crying.

*Enter VORTEX.*

*Vortex.* Now I have him.—(*Sees the purse*) What, he has not stole it, tho' his own Father's in want! —Here's a precious rascal for you!

*Frank.* Mr. Nabob, you have left your purse behind you (*snubbing*); and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, to leave a purse in a poor lad's way, who has a Feyther and a Sister coming to starving.

*Vortex.* My purse! True; reach it me.

*Frank.* Noa, thank you for nothing.—I've had it in my hand once.—Ecod, if having other people's moneey do make a man so hot, how desperate warm some folks mun be!

*Vortex.* Warm, —foolish fellow! (*wiping his forehead, and fanning himself with his hat*). Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

*Frank.*



*Frank.* Od-dang it! how their wicked heads mun spin round!

*Vortex.* Spin round! I never heard such a sim-pleton.—Spin, indeed! ha! ha! God bless my soul, I'm quite giddy! Oh Lord! Oh dear me! Help! help!

*Enter BRONZE.*

*Bronze.* What's the matter, fir.

*Vortex.* Only a little touch of my old complaint.—Send that fellow away. (*BRONZE goes up to FRANK.*)

*Frank.* Oh, this be t'other gentleman. Sur, I ha' gotten twenty-six pound that Feyther lost to you at gamestering.

*Bronze.* Where is it?

*Frank.* In my pocket.

*Bronze.* That's lucky! give it me.

*Frank.* Gi' it thee! Ees, dom thee, come out, and I'll gi' it thee (*clenching his fist*).

*Vortex.* Begone!

*Frank.* Gentlemen, I wish you both a good morning. [*Exit.*]

*Vortex* (*getting up*). What a dunderhead that is! To suppose that a little tenderness of conscience wou'd make a man's head turn round—Pugh! 'tis impossible;—or how the devil wou'd the Lawyers find their way from Westminster-hall? Giddy, indeed! Ha! ha!—*Bronze*, take care I don't fall. [*Exit leaning on BRONZE.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an Inn.*

*Enter OLD RAPID with a letter, and a Servant following.*

*O. Rap.* What! a real letter from the real Nabob! —Dear me! where is Neddy?—Make my humble duty

duty to your master ; proud to serve him—no—very proud to see him ;—grateful for the honor of his custom—no—no—for his company.—I wish you a pleasant walk home, sir.—The Nabob coming here directly ! Oh, dear me ! where's Neddy—waiter !—

[Exit Servant.

Enter WAITER.

Do you know where my boy is ?

Waiter. Not a minute ago I saw him fighting in a field behind the house.

Enter Y. RAPID—his coat torn.

O. Rap. Fighting !—Oh, dear ! where is he ?

Y. Rap. Here am I, dad.—

O. Rap. What has been the matter

Y. Rap. Only a small rumpus ;—went to peep at the castle,—pushing home,—the road had a bit of a circumbendibus,—hate corners,—so I jumped the hedge,—cut right across,—you know my way,—kept moving,—up came a farmer,—wanted to turn me back,—would not do,—tussled a bit,—carried my point,—came strait as an arrow.

O. Rap. Fie, fie !—But read that letter.

Y. Rap. What, the Nabob coming here directly, and I in this pickle.—Waiter, are my clothes come home ?

Waiter. No, sir.

Y. Rap. Why, the fellow gave his word—

Waiter. Yes, sir ;—but what can you expect from a taylor ?

[Exit.

Y. Rap. That's very true.

O. Rap. Impudent rascal !

Y. Rap. What the devil shall I do ?—the most important moment of my life,—

O. Rap. 'Tis unlucky.

Y. Rap. Unlucky !—'tis perdition—annihilation—  
---a misfortune that—

O. Rap. I can mend.

Y. Rap. How ?

O. Rap. By mending the coat.

Y. Rap. An excellent thought.—Come, help me off ;—quick, --quick !

O. Rap

O. Rap. I always have a needle in my pocket.

Y. Rap. (*rubbing his back.*) I know you have.

O. Rap. Now give it me.

Y. Rap. What! suffer my father to mend my coat?—No,—no;—not so bad as that neither.—As the coat must be mended,——damn it, I'll mend it.

O. Rap. Will you tho'?—Ecod, I should like to see you;—here's a needle ready threaded—and a thimble;—you can't think how I shall like to see you;—now don't hurry, that's a dear boy. (*YOUNG RAPID sits down, gathers his legs under him—OLD RAPID puts his spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*)

Y. Rap. Now mind, dad, when—Damn the needle! (*wounds his fingers*).

O. Rap. That's because you are in such a hurry.

Y. Rap. When the Nabob comes,—sink the taylor.——

O. Rap. I will; but that's a long stitch.

Y. Rap. Be sure you sink the taylor;—a great deal depends on the first impresson;—you shall be reading a grave book with a melancholy air.

O. Rap. Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts;—that would have made me melancholy enough.

*Enter Mr. and Miss VORTEX, who advance slowly, the Nabob the side where YOUNG RAPID is, Miss VORTEX to the other side.*

Y. Rap. I,—ha! ha! I say, dad, if the Nabob was to see us now,—ha! ha!

O. Rap. Ha! ha! True;—but mind what you're about.

Y. Rap. I'll be discovered in a situation that will surprize—a striking situation, and in some damn'd elegant attitude (*looks up and sees the Nabob*).

O. Rap. Why don't you finish the job?—why don't you? (*sees the Nabob.*)—(*They look round the other way, and see Miss VORTEX; they both appear ashamed and dejected; YOUNG RAPID draws his legs from under him.*)

D

Vortex.

*Vortex.* Gentlemen,—I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honour of waiting upon you, to——

*Miss Vor.* But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement;—'tis uncommon whimsical!

*T. Rap. (recovering himself).* Yes, ma'am, very whimsical,—I must keep moving (*laughs*). Ha! ha! You see, dad, I've won,—I've won,—ha! ha!

*Miss Vor.* He says he has won.——

*O. Rap. (with amazement).* Oh! he has won, has he?

*T. Rap.* Yes, you know I've won; he! he! why don't you laugh? (*aside to OLD RAPID.*)

*O. Rap. (with difficulty).* Ha! he!

*T. Rap.* You see, ma'am, the fact is,—I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera box that I mend it; and so —ha! ha! (*to OLD RAPID*) Laugh again.

*O. Rap.* I can't,—indeed I can't.

*T. Rap.* And so I—I won—upon my soul I was doing it very well.

*O. Rap.* No, you were not,—you were doing it a shame to be seen.

*T. Rap. (apart).* Hush!—Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

*Vortex.* Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over——

*T. Rap.* Yes, sir,—it is quite over,—(*aside*) thank Heaven!

*Vortex.* Suppose we adjourn to Bangalore-Hall?

*T. Rap.* Sir, I'll go with you directly with all the pleasure in life (*running*).

*Miss Vor.* I believe my curricule is the first carriage.

*O. Rap.* Dear me! (*looking at Miss VORTEX.*)

*Vortex.* My daughter seems to please you, sir.

*O. Rap.* What a shape!

*Miss Vor.* Oh, sir, you're uncommon polite!

*T. Rap.* He's remarkably gallant, ma'am.

*O. Rap.* What elegance!—what fashion!—upon the whole, it's the best made little spencer I've seen for some time. (*VORTEX and Daughter in amazement.*)

*T. Rap.*



*T. Rap.* Oh, the devil!—The fact is, ma'am, my father is the most particular man on earth about dress—the beau of his time—Beau Rapid—You know, father, they always call'd you Beau Rapid,—I dare say he's had more suits of clothes in his house than any man in England.

*Miss Vor.* An uncommon expensive whim!

*T. Rap.* I don't think his fortune has suffer'd by it.

*Miss Vor.* (to OLD RAPID). Shall I have the honour of driving you?

*O. Rap.* Oh, madam, I can't think of giving you so much trouble as to drive me.

*Miss Vor.* My dear sir,—I shall be uncommon happy!

*O. Rap.* Oh, madam! (*simpers and titters to his son, then takes Miss Vortex's hand, and trots off*).

*Vortex.* We'll follow.

*T. Rap.* If you please;—not that I particularly like to follow.

*Vortex.* I suppose, sir, now summer approaches, London begins to fill for the winter.

*T. Rap.* Yes, sir.

*Vortex.* Any thing new in high life?—what is the present rage with ladies of fashion?

*T. Rap.* Why, sir, as to the ladies;—(*aside*) What shall I say?—Oh, the ladies, sir—why, heaven bless them, sir! they—they keep moving;—but, to confess the truth sir,—my fashionable education has been very much neglected.

*Vortex.* That's a pity.

*T. Rap.* Very great pity, sir.

*Vortex.* Suppose I become your preceptor.

*T. Rap.* If you wou'd be so kind—I wou'd treasure any little short rule.

*Vortex.* Why there is a short rule necessary for every man of fashion to attend to.

*T. Rap.* What is it?

*Vortex.* Never to reflect.

*T. Rap.* Never reflect!—what push on—keep moving?—My dear sir—that's my way—suits me exactly.

*Vortex.* Then you must be known.

*T. Rap.* To be sure ;—I'll give away thousands in charities.

*Vortex.* Charities!—you would be forgot in a week.—To be known, you must be mischievous ;—malice has a much better memory than gratitude ;—and then you must be gallant.—Are there no pretty girls you should like to be well with, eh ?

*T. Rap.* A very extensive assortment, sir.

*Vortex.* And perhaps there may be a married woman you would like to intrigue with.

*T. Rap.* A very large quantity.—Oh, how I long to begin !—Are you married, sir ?

*Vortex.* Why no !

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* The carriage is ready.

*T. Rap.* So am I ; come, sir,—four horses, I hope.

*Vortex.* No, sir.

*T. Rap.* That's a great pity. Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive like the devil ?

*Vortex.* Sir, to oblige you.

*T. Rap.* Sir, I'll be very much oblig'd to you.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* Your clothes are come, sir.

*T. Rap.* That's lucky.

*Vortex.* Then I'll wait for you.

*T. Rap.* Wait for me ! nobody needs wait for me—I'll be with you in a crack—Do you push on—-I'll keep moving—I'll take care nobody waits for me.

[*Exit severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Nabob's House.*

*Enter OATLAND dejected, FRANK and JESSY leading him.*

*Jessy.* Be comforted, Father.

*Oat.* To see thee brought to service ! (*sighs*)—I've done this :—I that should have—

*Frank.*

*Frank.* Never mind—we be young and healthy, and don't heed it—to us, Jessy?

*Oat.* To be ashamed to look my own children in the face!—I, who ought to have been the fore-horse of the team, to be pull'd along through life by this young tender thing!

*Jessy.* Don't despond, Father—Sir Hubert will see your contrition, and restore you to his favour.

*Oat.* When the hen sees the hawk ready to pounce, she gathers her young ones under her wing—when misfortune hovers over my sweet chicken here, I leave her to shift for herself.

*Jessy.* Come, no more of this.

*Oat.* Even the savage hawk takes care of its nestlings—what then am I?—Children, do you hate me?

*Frank.* Hate thee! pugh, Feyther, dan't thee talk so—good bye to thee—cheer up—Thee has long been a Feyther to me, now is my turn, and I'll be a Feyther to thee.

*Oat.* I cannot speak—take care of my girl, Frank.

[Exit.]

*Frank.* Care of her!—though she be a servant, let me catch any body striking her, that's all.—Well, Jessy, we mun not be theam'd—I know poverty be no sin, because parson said so last Sunday.—Talk of that—I do hear that your sweetheart, Mr. Rapid, be worth such a desperate sight of money as never was!

*Jessy.* (sighs). If his fortunes are so prosperous, brother, he is exalted above my hopes—if his heart be mercenary, he is sunk below my wishes.—Heigh-ho! yet he might have sent to know if I were well, he might no matter!

*Frank.* He be coming to Neabob's here, on a visitation.

*Jessy.* Ah! coming here!

*Frank.* Ees—and Mr. Bronze do say while he be here I am to be his farving man.

*Jessy.* You his servant! (weeps).

*Frank.* Don't thee cry, Jessy!

*Jessy.* (recovering herself). I won't; it was weak, it was wrong.—Frank, be sure you conceal

from Mr. Rapid who you are—I have reasons for it.—Edward here!—when we meet it will be a hard trial. Yet why should I dread it?—let perfidy and pride shrink abash'd, virtuous integrity will support me.

*Frank.* That's right, Jessy, shew a proper spirit—Ecod, if he were to pull out his purse and to offer to make thee a present of five guineas, dan't thee take it.—(*Jessy smiles dejectedly.*)—Here be thy new mistress.

*Jessy.* Leave me.

*Frank.* Dost thou hear? Dom it, dan't thee take it!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Miss VORTEX.*

*Miss Vor.* Oh! my new attendant, I suppose!—What's your name, child?

*Jessy.* Jessy Oatland, Madam.

*Miss Vor.* Well, Oatland, (*taking out her glass,*) look at me.—Umph—not at all contemptible.—That's a charming hofegay—(*Jessy presents it*)—all exotics, I declare.

*Jessy.* No, madam, neglected wild flowers—I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and, by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

*Miss Vor.* A pretty amusement.

*Jessy.* And it seem'd, madam, to convey this lesson.—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that, like these humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth and native energy.

*Miss Vor.* Oh! (*aside*),—mind—energy!—What's the matter with the poor girl, I wonder! uncommon odd!—I hear, Oatland, you are reduced in your circumstances.

*Jessy.* Yes, madam.

*Miss Vor.* That's very lucky, because it will make you humble, child!—Well, and what are your qualifications?

*Jessy.* Cheerful industry, madam. I can read to you, write for you, or converse—

*Miss*



*Miss Vor.* Converse with me! I dare say you can.—No, thank you, child—instead of my listening to your voice, you will be polite enough to be as silent as convenient, and do me the honour of listening to mine.—Oh! here comes Mr. Rapid.

*Jessy.* Ah! (*in great agitation*); May I retire madam?

*Miss Vor.* Yes; I shall follow to dress.—No, stay.—Yes, you may go.

*Jessy.* Oh, thank you! thank you, dear madam! [*Exit, with rapidity.*]

*Miss Vor.* That poor girl appears to me rather crazy.

*Enter Old and Young RAPID, and VORTEX.*

*Miss Vor.* Welcome to Bangalore Hall, gentlemen.

*Y. Rap.* Charming house! plenty of room.—(*Runs about and looks at every thing.*)

*O. Rap.* A very spacious apartment, indeed.

*Vortex.* Yes, sir; but I declare I forgot the dimensions of this room.

*O. Rap.* Sir, if you please, I'll measure it—my cane is exactly a yard, good honest measure—'tis handy—and that mark is the half yard, and—

*Y. Rap.* (*Overhears, and snatches the cane from him*). Confound it!—The pictures, father—look at the pictures (*pointing with the cane*); did you ever see such charming—

*Miss Vor.* Do you like pictures?

*Y. Rap.* Exceedingly, ma'am; but I should like them a great deal better if they just moved a little.

*Miss Vor.* Ha! ha! I must retire to dress—till dinner, gentlemen, adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Y. Rap.* (*to his Father*). Zounds! you'll ruin every thing!—Can't you keep the taylor under.

*Vortex.* Your son seems rather impatient.

*O. Rap.* Very, sir—always was.—I remember a certain Duke—

*Y. Rap.* That's right, lay the scene high,—push the Duke—push him as far as he'll go.

*O. Rap.*

*O. Rap.* I will, I will. I remember a certain Duke used to say, Mr. Rapid, your son is as sharp as a needle.

*Y. Rap.* At it again !

*O. Rap.* As a needle---

*Y. Rap.* (*interrupting him*). Is true to the pole. As a needle is true to the pole, says the Duke ; so will your son, says the Duke, be to every thing spirited and fashionable, says the Duke.---Am I always to be tortur'd with your infernal needles ? (*aside to* OLD RAPID.)

*Vortex.* Now to sound them.---I hear, gentlemen, your business in this part of the country is with Sir Hubert Stanley, respecting some money transactions.

*O. Rap.* 'Tis a secret, sir.

*Vortex.* Oh! no--the Baronet avows his wish to sell his estate.

*O. Rap.* Oh! that alters the case.

*Vortex.* I think it would be a desirable purchase for you--I should be happy in such neighbours--and if you should want forty or fifty thousand, ready money, I'll supply it with pleasure.

*O. Rap.* Oh, Sir, how kind!--If my son wishes to purchase, I would rather leave it entirely to him.

*Y. Rap.* And I would rather leave it entirely to you.

*Vortex.* Very well, I'll propose for it.--(*aside*). This will cut Sir Hubert to the soul.---There is a very desirable borough interest--then you could sit in Parliament.

*Y. Rap.* I in Parliament? ha! ha!

*O. Rap.* No; that would be a botch.

*Y. Rap.* No, no, I was once in the gallery--cramm'd in--no moving--expected to hear the great guns--up got a little fellow, nobody knew who, gave us a three-hours' speech--I got devilish fidgetty--the House called for the question, I join'd the cry--"The question, the question," says I.--A Member spied me--clear'd the gallery--got huff'd by my brother spectators--obliged to scud--Oh! it would never do for me.

*Vortex.*

*Vortex.* But you must learn patience.

*Y. Rap.* Then make me a Speaker——if that wouldn't teach me patience, nothing would.

*Vortex.* Do you dislike, sir, Parliamentary eloquence?

*O. Rap.* Sir, I never heard one of your real downright parliament speeches in my life——never (*yawns*).

*Y. Rap.* By your yawning I shou'd think you had heard a great many.

*Vortex.* Oh, how lucky!——at last I shall get my dear speech spoken.——Sir, I am a Member, and I mean to——

*O. Rap.* Keep moving.

*Vortex.* Why, I mean to speak, I assure you; and——

*Y. Rap.* Push on, then.

*Vortex.* What, speak my speech?——That I will——I'll speak it.

*Y. Rap.* Oh, the devil!——Don't yawn so——  
(*to OLD RAPID*).

*O. Rap.* I never get a comfortable nap, never!

*Y. Rap.* You have a dev'lish good chance now——  
Confound all speeches.——Oh!——

*Vortex.* Pray be seated——(*they sit on each side*  
VORTEX).——Now we'll suppose that the chair——  
(*pointing to a chair*)——

*O. Rap.* Suppose it a chair! why it is a chair, an't it?

*Vortex.* Pshaw! I mean——

*Y. Rap.* He knows what you mean——'tis his humour.

*Vortex.* Oh, he's witty!

*Y. Rap.* Oh, remarkably brilliant indeed!——  
(*significantly to his Father*).

*Vortex.* What, you are a wit, sir!

*O. Rap.* A what? Yes, I am—I am a wit.

*Vortex.* Well, now I'll begin.——Oh, what a delicious moment!——The House when they approve cry, "Hear him! hear him!"——I only give you a hint in case any thing should strike——

*Y. Rap.* Push on.——I can never stand it.——  
(*aside*).

*Vortex.*

*Vortex.* Now I shall charm them—(*addresses the chair*)—"Sir, Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blink'd the present question—but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground."—What! no applause yet? (*aside.*—*During this OLD RAPID has fallen asleep, and YOUNG RAPID, after shewing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the window, and looks out.*)—"But I shall proceed, and, I trust without interruption"—(*turns round and sees OLD RAPID asleep.*)

*Vortex.* Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir?—(*RAPID awakes.*)

*O. Rap.* What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

*Vortex.* Pray, sir, don't blush---(*sees YOUNG RAPID at the window.*)---What the devil!--

*Y. Rap.* (*looking round.*) Hear him! hear him!

*Vortex.* By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

*O. Rap.* Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep!—I mean to look out of the window---I am very sorry, sir, any thing should go across the grain---I say, Ned, smooth him down!

*Y. Rap.* I will---What the devil shall I say?---The fact is, sir, I heard a cry of fire---upon---the---the---water, and---

*Vortex.* Well, well---But do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

*O. Rap.* Upon my honour, I do.

*Vortex.* Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the Lords, or something of that sort---(*They sit, YOUNG RAPID fretful.*)

*Vortex.* Where did I leave off?

*Y. Rap.* Oh! I recollect; at---"I therefore briefly conclude with moving an adjournment"---(*rising.*)

*Vortex.* Nonsense! no such thing---(*putting him down in the chair.*)---Oh! I remember! "I shall therefore proceed, and, I trust, without interruption---"

*Enter*



*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Dinner's on the table, sir.

*Vortex.* Get out of the room, you villain!--

"Without interruption--"

*Serv.* I say, sir--

*Y. Rap.* Hear him! hear him!

*Serv.* Dinner is waiting.

*Y. Rap.* (*jumping up*). Dinner waiting!--  
Come along, sir.

*Vortex.* Never mind the dinner.

*Y. Rap.* But I like it smoking.

*O. Rap.* So do I--Be it ever so little, let me have it hot.

*Vortex.* Won't you hear my speech?

*Y. Rap.* To be sure we will---but now to dinner.—Come, we'll move together—Capital speech! —Push on, sir—Come along, dad—Push him on, dad.  
[*Exeunt forcing VORTEX out.*]

### SCENE III.—*An ancient Hall.*

*Enter Sir HUBERT, leaning on CHARLES STANLEY.*

*Charles.* Take comfort, sir.

*Sir Hub.* Where shall I find it, boy?—To live on my estate, is ruin—to part with it, death.—My heart is twin'd round it.—I've been the patriarch of my tribe—the scourge of the aggressor—the protector of the injur'd!--Can I forego these dignities? --my old grey-headed servants, too, whose only remaining hope is to lay their bones near their lov'd master, how shall I part with them?—I prate, boy, but 'tis the privilege of these white hairs.

*Charles.* Oh! say on, sir.

*Sir Hub.* All! all is dear to me!--these warlike trophies of my ancestors!--Charles, thou see'st that goodly oak, 'twas planted at my birth--Would'it thou think it? In the late hurricane, when the tempest humbled with the dust the proudest of the forest, it bravely met the driving blast--my people with shouts of joy, hail'd the auspicious omen, and augur'd from it prosperity to me and mine

mine---Fondly I believ'd it---fondly I thought it.  
Fie! fie! I doat-----

*Charles.* My father, I doubt not but they augur'd truly. I must to the active world. Why should I fear that the virtue and independence you have inspir'd-----

*Sir Hub.* Ah, boy! but while licentiousness and party zeal command the choicest gifts of fortune, virtue and genius must be content with their leavings.

*Enter Servant—delivers a letter to Sir HUBERT, who reads it with great agitation*

*Charles.* Ah! what is it shakes you, sir?—That letter!

*Sir Hub.* Nothing, my dear boy!—'tis infirmity!—I shall soon be better.

*Charles.* Excuse me, dear Sir (*takes the letter and reads*). "Mr. Vortex, at the request of Mr. Rapid, informs Sir Hubert Stanley, it is inconvenient for him to advance more money on mortgage. Mr. Vortex laments Sir Hubert's pecuniary embarrassments"—damnation!---"to relieve which, he will purchase the castle and estate."—Sooner shall its massy ruins crumble me to dust.—Don't despond, my father:—bear up!

*Enter FRANK, running—his face bloody.*

*Frank.* Oh Sir!—At Neabob's table they've been so abusing your father!

*Charles.* Ah?

*Frank.* And I've been fighting—

*Charles.* Hush!

*Sir Hub.* What's his business?

*Charles.* Oh, sir! (*concealing his agitation*)—My friend Frank consults me on a love affair; and I must not betray his confidence.—In his hurry he fell.—Wasn't it so (*significantly*)?

*Frank.* Ees, fur, ees.

*Sir Hub.* You are not hurt, young man?

*Frank.* No, fur.—Thank heaven! my head be a pure hard one.

*Charles.*

*Charles.* Within!—(*Enter two Servants*) Attend my Father.

*Sir Hub.* My boy, don't stay from me long.

[*Exit, leaning on Servants.*]

*Charles.* Now, good Frank, ease my tortur'd mind.—What of my father?

*Frank.* Why, your honour, Mr. Bronze came laughing out of dining-room, and says, "Daame, how the old Baronet has been roasted." So, sur, I not knowing what they could mean by roasting a Christian, axed. "Why," says he, grinning, "they voted, that it was a pity the dignity of the bloody hand interfer'd, or the old beggar might set up a shop."

*Charles.* What!

*Frank.* The old beggar might set up a shop.

*Charles.* Unmanner'd, cowardly babblers

*Frank.* And that you, sur, would make a dapper prentice.

*Charles.* I heed not that.—But, when I forgive a father's wrongs—

*Frank.* So says I, Domine, if young 'Squire had been among them, he would have knocked all their heads together. Now wouldn't you, sur, have knock'd their heads together? Then they all laugh'd at me: which somehow made all the blood in my body come into my knuckles. So says I, "Mr. Bronze, suppose a case—suppose me young 'Squire Stanley—now, say that again about his honour'd father."—So he did; and I lent him such a drive o'the seace—and I was knocking all their heads together, pretty tightish—till the cook laid me flat wi' the poker: then they all fell upon me; and when I could fight no longer, I fell a crying, and run to tell your honour.

*Charles.* Thanks, my affectionate lad!—Return to the Nabob's to-day.

*Frank.* I be sartain I shall never do any good there.

*Charles.* To-morrow you shall live with me. I shall dismiss all my servants—my circumstances require it.

*Frank.* What! all but me!—What! I do all the work!—Lord, Lord, how glad I be, fur, you can't afford to keep any body but I.

*Charles.* Good Frank, farewell—Hold—here (*presenting a purse*).

*Frank (refusing).* Nay, prayee, fur, dan't you beheave unkind to me—I be a poor lad, that do worship and love you—not a spy for the lucre of gain—pray use me kindly, and don't gi' me a farding.

*Charles.* Frank, I beg your pardon—Farewell!

*Frank.* Lord, how glad I be he can only afford to keep I. [Exit.

*Charles.* Infest my father!—unmanly villain!—whoever thou art, thy life shall answer it! [Exit.

# END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

*—Enter VORTEX, in great terror, reading a letter.*

*Vortex.* Dear me!—here's a terrible affair! (*reads*) "Give me up the author of the slander on my father"—that was myself—I never can find in my heart to give myself up—"or personally answer the consequences—CHARLES STANLEY."—Oh dear! since I find my words are taken down, I must be more parliamentary in my language.—What shall I do?—I can't fight—my poor head won't bear it—it might be the death of me.

*T. Rap. (without).* Huzza, my fine fellows! Bravo!

*Vortex.* Eh! egad, a fine thought.—Young Rapid is loaded muzzle high with Champaigne—I'll tell him he said the words, and make him own them. I've persuaded him into a marriage with my



my daughter; after that, the devil's in't if I can't persuade him into a duel.

*Enter* YOUNG RAPID (*tipsy*).

*Y. Rap.* Here I am, tip-top spirits—ripe for any thing.

*Vortex.* How did you like my Champagne?

*Y. Rap.* Oh! suits me exactly; a man is such a damn'd long while getting tipsy with other wine—Champagne settles the business directly—it has made me——

*Vortex.* Lively, I see.

*Y. Rap.* Lively—it has made me like a sky-rocket. Well, how did I behave?—Quite easy, wasn't I?—Push'd on—at every thing—barr'd profing.—Jolly dogs within—the fat parson's a fine fellow—kept the bottle moving—said a nice short grace.

*Vortex.* Well, and did you lose at play the five hundred pounds I lent you?

*Y. Rap.* As easy as could be.

*Vortex.* That was lucky.

*Y. Rap.* Very—particularly for those who won it.

*Vortex.* Well, now you'll do.

*Y. Rap.* Huzza! I'm a finish'd man (*swaggering, and strutting about*).

*Vortex.* You only want a quarrel to make you—

*Y. Rap.* A what?—A quarrel.—Damme, I'll settle that in two minutes (*running off*).

*Vortex.* Stop.—You need not go out of the room for that.

*Y. Rap.* What! will you quarrel with me, eh?—With all my heart.

*Vortex.* Me! Oh no!—I say I could get you such fame——

*Y. Rap.* How, my dear fellow?—Dash on.

*Vortex.* Why, at dinner you reflected on the Baronet.

*Y. Rap.* No, it was you.

*Vortex.* No, not I.

*Y. Rap.* Yes, it was you.

*Vortex.* Well, it might be I; but I don't say it was—

*T. Rap.* I do.—Push on.

*Vortex.* Young Stanley has demanded the author.—Now, if you were to own the words—how the news-papers would teem with—"The elegant Charles Stanley was called out by the dashing Young Rapid about some trifle"—

*T. Rap.* Bravo!

*Vortex.* Any thing does for a duel now a-days—the length of a dancer's great toe—an election leg of mutton and trimmings.

*T. Rap.* Say no more—I'll do it: By heavens, no man of fashion will be more infamous—I mean more famous.—I'll go write to him directly.

*Vortex.* First take another bottle of Champagne. You can't think what a free dashing file it will give you.

*T. Rap.* I will (*going—returns.*) No, I can't take up this quarrel.

*Vortex.* Oh dear!—Why not? (*alarmed.*)

*T. Rap.* Because I'm sure I'm depriving you of a pleasure.

*Vortex.* Oh, don't mind me! I give it you, to shew my regard for you.—Indeed, I've had so much fighting in my time, that with me it really ceases to be a pleasure—the sweetest things will cloy—so the quarrel's your's—I wash my hands of it.

*T. Rap.* You're a damn'd good-hearted, generous fellow!

*Vortex.* Then you'll return triumphant, and marry my daughter.

*T. Rap.* To be sure—keep moving (*going*). I hope he'll fight directly.—Like a sailor, I hate a calm, particularly when an enemy's in sight.—Hold—what must we fight with? I can fence.

*Vortex.* You have no objection to pistols and bullets?

*T. Rap.* I like bullets—they come so quick. But I must push on—the other bottle, and then—I'm a first-rate fellow.—Champagne for ever!

[*Exit.*]

*Vortex.*

*Vortex.* You shall have my pistols—they've never been used. (*Enter Miss VORTEX.*) Here's policy. "Crown me, shadow me, with laurels."—Oh my dear, I've atchiev'd two such difficult points!

*Miss Vor.* How, my dear Nabob?

*Vortex.* In the first place, I've persuaded Young Rapid to marry you.

*Miss Vor.* Was that so difficult?

*Vortex.* No, no, certainly. But the next will delight you.—Rapid is going to have an affair of honour with Young Stanley.

*Miss Vor.* A duel! and about me!

*Vortex.* Yes.—(*aside*) I may as well tell her so.

*Miss Vor.* Charming!

*Vortex.* Now an't I a kind father, to set two young men fighting about you?

*Miss Vor.* Ah! that is, indeed, acting like a parent!

*Vortex.* Egad, I must look after Rapid, though.

*Miss Vor.* But how did you manage it?

*Vortex.* By policy, to be sure; for, as I observe in my speech—"Policy is——"

*Miss Vor.* And a very good observation it is.

*Vortex.* How do you know, till you hear it?—"Policy——"

*Miss Vor.* But pray go to Mr. Rapid (*pushing him off*).

*Vortex.* "Policy——"

*Miss Vor.* Nay, I must insist—(*Exit VORTEX.*) Oh delightful!—Oatland!

*Enter JESSY.*

I'm in such uncommon spirits, Oatland!

*Jessy.* May I inquire the cause, madam?

*Miss Vor.* Certainly. A duel is going to be fought about me.

*Jessy.* A duel!—Horrible thought!

*Miss Vor.* Sensibility, I vow! Too comic, a vast deal! Ha! ha! cottage pathos must proceed from a source unknown to me, I'm sure!

*Jessy.* It proceeds, madam, from the heart.

*Miss Vor.* Umph!—Let me have no more of it (*sharply.*)

*Jeffy.* I beg your pardon—I forgot the extent of a servant's duty.—I forgot that servants have no right to feel pleasure or pain, but as their employers please; and that suppressing the sensibilities of Nature is consider'd in their wages (*sarcastically*).

*Miss Vor.* No doubt of it.—That's so very sensibly observ'd, that I'll forgive you, Catland.—The pride of young Stanley will be so humbled—

*Jeffy.* Is the safety of that noble youth implicated?

*Miss Vor.* What!—A lover, I suppose—came to the farm, I warrant—attended Miss Jeffy in the dairy—ruffled the cream with his sighs—talked of Arcadia, and sipped butter-milk.—Ha! ha! I should not wonder, after what I have seen of his taste—Yes, he is implicated—I dare say Mr. Rapid will—(*going*)

*Jeffy.* Heavens! Is Edward—(*catching hold of a chair for support*).

*Miss Vor.* Edward!

*Jeffy.* I mean, madam, (*trembling and curtesying*) is Mr. Rapid's life involv'd?

*Miss Vor.* Upon my honour, you seem to have an uncommon sensibility for all mankind!—Do you mean to sit down in my presence?

[*Exit Miss VORTEX.*]

*Jeffy.* No, madam! (*sinks down in the chair*). Oh, Edward! unkind as thou art, how gladly would I resign my life, to save thee! (*weeps*.)

*Enter ELLEN.*

*Ellen.* In tears, Jeffy?—Sweet girl, tell me—

*Jeffy.* Oh, madam! the most dreadful event is about to take place. Mr. Stanley is engaged in a duel with—

*Ellen.* Forbid it, Heaven.—Let us fly to his Father:—he may prevent it.

*Jeffy.* Alas, madam! I fear he regards not his Father's injunctions.

*Ellen.* Not regard his Father:—who, child?

*Jeffy.* Mr. Rapid, madam!

*Ellen.* Mr. Rapid?

*Jeffy.* Oh! (*hiding her face*).

*Ellen.*



*Ellen.* Is it so, sweet Jessy?---But has he deserv'd thy love?---Is he not unkind?

*Jessy.* Oh! true, madam!- -But is not his life in danger?

*Ellen.* We will not lose a moment.---Let us seek Sir Hubert.

*Jessy.* I'm very faint.

*Ellen.* I'll support thee; for in addition to the oppression of our common grief, thou, sweet girl, must bear the agonizing weight of disappointed love.

---Come, rest on my arm.

*Jessy.* Oh, such kindness!---I cannot speak---but indeed my heart feels it.

[*Exeunt, ELLEN supporting JESSY.*]

SCENE II.---Another Apartment in VORTEX's House.

*Enter YOUNG RAPID, followed by FRANK, who carries Pistols, a Sword, and Champagne.*

*Y. Rap.* Got the pistols, eh?

*Frank.* Here they be (*lays them down*).---Your Feather were axing for you, fur.

*Y. Rap.* My father!---Should any thing happen--when I reflect---Reflect---Zounds, that won't do. Some Champagne (*singing*) "If a man can then die much bolder with brandy" (*drinks*). I'll write to him, however;---a few words on a scrap of paper may cheer him (*takes a letter out of his pocket, and is about to tear a piece of it off*). What! (*reads*) "Dear Edward, your faithful Jessy Oatland" (*strikes his head*).---Jessy Oatland!---What a scoundrel I am! (*kisses the letter*).---Oh, Jessy, what an infernal pain at my heart!---More Champagne!

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* A letter, sir, from Young Stanley.

*Y. Rap.* Then the die is cast.---(*Reads*). "You are a scoundrel---meet me immediately, or,"---Um, um, a decisive short letter enough. Damn this pain.---Quick! my pistols! Take them to Stanley Park: there wait for me.---Oh! Jessy!"

*Enter*

*Enter OLD RAPID at the back scene.*

*Frank.* Ecod, he'll kill thee.—I'll lay half-a-crown 'Squire Stanley hits thee the first shot.

*[Exit FRANK with the pistol.]*

*O. Rap. (coming forward).* Pistols—kill—— Stanley!—Ned, tell me——

*T. Rap. (aside).* My father here.—Oh, fir, nothing.—Come, drink.

*O. Rap.* Look at me,---Ah, that agitation!--- Tell me the cause!---A parent commands you.-- Your old doating father intreats it!

*T. Rap. (aside).* I must deceive him.---Sir, I've receiv'd an insult that no gentleman of fashion can submit to.

*O. Rap.* Gentleman of fashion!---Need a man resent it?

*T. Rap.* Read that letter, and judge.

*O. Rap.* Lack a day! consider you're only a taylor's son.—(*Reads*) “ “ You're a scoundrel.”--- That's a hard word.——

*T. Rap.* Wou'd you have me submit to be call'd scoundrel?

*O. Rap.* No, I wou'dn't—(*with tears*).—Yes, I wou'd.

*T. Rap.* Sir, you don't feel like a man.

*O. Rap.* I'm sure I feel like a father!

*T. Rap.* Read on, fir.

*O. Rap. (reads).* “ And unless” (*wipes the tears away,*) “ unless”——I can't——

*T. Rap. (takes the letter and reads).* “ And unless you immediately give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, expect the chastisement due to a coward.”

*O. Rap.* Chastisement!——chastisement!—— Coward! (*with irritation*). We are flesh and blood, Ned.

*T. Rap.* Wou'd you see me spurn'd?——

*O. Rap. (emphatically, and running into his Son's arms).* No!

*T. Rap.* Pray leave me, fir:

*O. Rap.* Where shall I go?—What shall I do?  
——What will become of me? Oh, boy, try to avoid

avoid it.—Remember your old father,—remember his life hangs on your's. But, Ned—don't forget you're a man!

*N. Rap.* Pray leave me, sir.

*O. Rap.* I will.—Farewell, my dear boy, 'twill break my old heart.—But remember you're a man, Ned. [Exit.

*N. Rap.* (*alone*) So, I'm proceeding full tilt to murder;—have planted a dagger in a kind father's heart—But here goes—(*flis wine—throws away the bottle and glass*)—Its power is gone. Oh—this infernal pain! Could I with honour avoid?—but (*looking at the letter*)—Chastisement! Coward!—Damnation! I must push on. Fool! Dolt! Villain that I am! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A retired place in Stanley Park.*

*Enter Sir HUBERT STANLEY.*

*Sir Hub.* What can it mean?—Charles parted from me in an agony the ingenuousness of his nature had not art to conceal;—he grasp'd my hand,—bade me farewell, as if it were for ever,—then broke away—leaving me a prey to wild conjecture and despair;—soon shall I be at peace,—infirmity, when goaded on by sorrow, presses to the goal of life with double speed.—Surely thro' that laurel grove, I see two female figures glide along; my eyes are not of the best, and the sorrow I have felt for my dear boy has not strengthened them;—they approach.—

*Enter ELLEN and JESSY.*

*Ellen.* Pardon, Sir Hubert, this intrusion!—My name, Sir, is Ellen Vortex.

*Sir Hub.* Madam, I welcome you as my daughter.

*Ellen.* Oh, sir!—the urgency of the moment will not allow me to thank such goodness as I ought?—your son, sir—

*Sir Hub.* Ah! What of him?

*Ellen.* I saw him pass along, he fled from my out-

outstretch'd arms,—he was deaf to my cries ;---e'en now he's engaged in a duel.

*Sir Hub.* Ha ! (*draws his sword and is running out, staggers, drops his sword.*---*ELLEN and JESSY support him.*) My functions are suspended !---Oh nature ! dost thou desert me at this moment ?---Who is the villain that has caused it ?

*Jessy.* Ah, my poor Edward !

*Sir Hub.* Oh that I could rush before my child, and receive the fatal ball in this old broken heart !---Perhaps--dreadful thought !--e'en now the deadly tube is levelled at his manly breast. (*The report of a pistol is heard*---*ELLEN sinks into his arms.*) Bear up, I cannot support thee. (*Another pistol is discharged*)---Horrible suspense !---what a death-like silence !

*Ellen.* Death !---Oh, my ador'd Charles !

*Jessy.* Ah, my poor Edward !

*Frank.* (*without*). Huzza ! huzza ! (*enters*) Huzza !---He's safe--he's safe. ———

*All.* Who ? ———

*Frank.* 'Squire Charles,--'Squire Charles,---Huzza ! (*Exit.*---*Sir Hubert folds his hands on his breast in silent gratitude.*)

*Jessy.* Ah, my poor Edward !

*Ellen.* Your son is safe ;---heard you the words ?

*Sir Hub.* They have shot life thro' me.

*Ellen.* Jessy ! rejoice with me ---(*Seeing her dejected*) Wretch that I am, to forget thy sorrows ! ---Take comfort, sweet girl ! --perhaps---

*Enter OLD RAPID, capering.*

*O. Rap.* Tol de rol loi—Safe and sound—safe and sound—tol de rol lol. ———

*Jessy.* Who ?

*O. Rap.* My boy Neddy, —my darling Neddy, safe and sound,—tol de-rol lol. (*Sits Sir Hubert, and bows respectfully. JESSY and ELLEN talk apart.*)

*Sir Hub.* So, Mr. Rapid ! —How happened this, sir ?

*O. Rap.* Really, Sir Hubert, I don't understand the cut of it ; all I can say is, your son's behaviour



haviour was—oh—superfine ;—when they had fired their pistols they drew out their swords, and your son disarm'd Neddy, and then he generously gave him his sword again, which was extremely genteel,—for it was a brand new silver-hilted sword, and, I suppose by the laws of honour he might have kept it.—

*Sir Hub.* Mr. Rapid, why did you break your appointment ?

*O Rap.* Mr. Vortex, fir—

*Sir Hub.* Mr Vortex.—I fear your son has selected an imprudent preceptor.

*O. Rap.* Chose a bad pattern you think, fir ?— I am afraid he has—

*Sir Hub.* Will you, fir, favour me with a few minutes conversation ?

*O. Rap.* You know, Sir Hubert, I'm your faithful servant to command.—

*Sir Hub.* (to ELLEN). Come, let us to our hero. Will you, fair creature, condescend to be a crutch to an old man ? (takes ELLEN's arm.) I shall expect you, fir.

*Ellen.* Jessy !

*Jessy.* I follow, madam. (Exeunt *Sir Hubert* and *ELLEN.*) Do I address the father of Mr. Rapid ?

*O. Rap.* You do, pretty one !

*Jessy.* (taking his hand and kissing it). I beg your pardon ; but are you sure your son's life is safe—quite safe ?—

*O. Rap.* Yes.—A very charming girl, I declare !—I'm very much obliged to you for taking notice of my Neddy !—Poor fellow !—nobody seem'd to care what became of him.—I'm very much oblig'd.—A sweet pretty-spoken creature as ever I saw ! But I must away to the Nabob's, or I shall be too late for the wedding.

*Jessy.* Wedding ! whose, fir ?

*O. Rap.* Whose ! why, my boy Neddy's with Miss Vortex, to be sure !

*Jessy.* Married ! Edward married ! 'Tis too much—(leans on *OLD RAPID* for support)

*O Rap.* Eh ! what ! speak—tell me !

*Jeffy.* Oh, Edward! is this the return for my love? have I merited this cruel desertion?

*O. Rap.* Desertion!—What!—has the rascal—I shall choak myself—Has he behaved ill to so sweet a creature? Your tears tell me so.—I'll kill him—He's my own son, and I have a right to do it—Your name, your name! pretty soul!

*Jeffy.* *Jeffy Oatland.*—The indiscretion of my father has made me a servant.

*O. Rap.* And the discretion of his father has made him a gentleman—But I'll make the rascal know you are not humbled by your Father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his, a villain!—Can he hope to be call'd a man of honour for opposing his head to a pistol, while himself levels the shaft of anguish at an innocent woman's heart?—But I'll kill him, that's one comfort.—Come with me, sweet one!

*Jeffy.* Sir, I must attend my mistress— I am servant to his bride---(*weeps*).

*O. Rap.* I shall go mad!—Don't cry—If he, by marriage, won't make you my daughter—I, by adoption, will.—Good bye, sweet *Jeffy*!—Oh, the rascal!—Cheer up!—The scoundrel!—Pretty creature!—The dog!—What a shape!—I'll kill him! [*Exit severally.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*RAPID discovered, and Hair-Drifter.*

*Rap.* Dispatch! why don't you dispatch?

*H. D.* Done in a moment, sir, pray keep your head still.

*Rap.* (*jumping up*). Oh, *Jeffy Oatland*!—S'death—have not you done?

*H. D.* Sit down, sir, done in a moment.

*Rap.*

*Rap.* Well, well; I'm as patient as——(*Sits*  
*Enter FRANK at the door, RAPID jumps up and*  
*runs to him.*)——Well!——Speak——quick!

*Frank.* Sur——I——that is——she——no, I  
 went——

*Rap.* You tedious blockhead——Is she gone?  
 Is Jessy gone?

*Frank.* Ees, sur.

*Rap.* What! left her Father's!——Where is  
 she?

*Frank.* I don't know——that is, I won't tell——  
 (*aside*).

*Rap.* What must she think me? What I am——  
 a rascal.

*H. D.* Sit down, sir;——done in a moment.

*Rap.* Yes, yes; I am as calm as——(*sits*).

*Enter Servant.*

What do you want? (*jumps up again*).

*Serv.* Sir, my master and Miss Vortex wait  
 for you. [*Exit.*]

*Rap.* Aye, to fulfil that infernal marriage pro-  
 mise.——Oh, Jessy! (*to FRANK*) What are you at?

*Frank.* Sur, I were only twiddleing about my  
 thumbs.

*Rap.* You are always twiddling about your  
 thumbs. What shall I do? Go to them.——No,  
 I'll write.——I want to write.

*Frank.* Oh, you do?

*Rap.* I tell you I want to write.

*Frank.* I'm sure I don't hinder you.

*Rap.* 'Sdeath! then don't stand there.

*Frank.* It be all the same to me where I stand  
 ——(*moving to another place*).

*Rap.* Thickhead, bring pen and ink.

*Frank.* Why did you not tell I so?

[*Exit, and returns with pens and ink.*]

*Rap.* Oh, this infernal pain!——A candle to  
 seal a letter (*Exit FRANK, and returns with a can-*  
*dle.*)——Zounds! it is not lighted!

*Frank.* You didn't tell I to light it.

*Rap.* Was ever man plague'd with such a hol-  
 low-headed ninny-hammer.

F

*Frank*

*Frank. (aside).* May be that be better than a hollow-hearted one!

*Enter Servant.*

*Rap. (jumps up).* Well!

*Serv.* My master has sent you those parchments to peruse.

*Rap. (throwing them down.)* I wouldn't read them for his estate.

*Serv.* He will wait on you sir, directly.

*Rap.* Begone all of you! — Stop. *(to FRANK.)* Give me my coat! *(FRANK helps him on with one arm.)* — Bring the glass! — *(FRANK leaves him, and brings down a dressing glass.)* — Leave me, dunderhead!  
[Exit FRANK.]

*Enter VORTEX.*

*Vortex.* Bravo, my fine fellow! you fought nobly! — I say, who fir'd first?

*Rap.* Never mind, that's past!

*Vortex.* Well, now I must entrust you with a little secret — *(they sit).*

*Rap.* I have no objection to a little secret.

*Vortex.* In the first place, then, I'll read this paper.

*Rap.* No; I'll read it — I shall read it much quicker. *Reads.* — "Receiv'd of Mr. Vortex the sum of five thousand pounds, in consideration of which I assign over all my right and title to — hum, um, um — Signed, ELLEN VORTEX." — I understand —

*Vortex.* Now you must know the father of my niece —

*Rap.* Jeffy Oatland! *(in reverie.)*

*Vortex.* No, her name is Ellen.

*Rap.* I know it, I know it — I know it — *(fretfully).*

*Vortex.* Her father died in India.

*Rap.* With all my heart.

*Vortex.* With all your heart!

*Rap.* Zounds! keep moving, will you?

*Vortex.* Yes, if you'll keep still.

*Rap.* Then be quick.

*Vortex.*



*Vortex.* Why I am quick, an't I?—Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in—

*Rap.* Confusion.

*Vortex.* You are right, all was in confusion. So I prevail'd on—

*Rap.* Jeffy Oatland!

*Vortex.* No, no, Ellen—to sign that paper; since which, indeed her affairs have turn'd out pretty lucky. I purchas'd this estate with her fortune, which will be your's, my boy!—It was a very snug bargain.

*Rap.* What a horrible thing is the gift of speech!

*Vortex.* Speech!—Did you say any thing about a speech? Ah! had you heard mine out.—Do you remember how it began?—"Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should"—(*During VORTEX's narration, RAPID, influenced by the most fretful impatience, has unconsciously bit, and torn to pieces, the paper given him by VORTEX.*)

*Rap.* (*jumping up*). S'death and fire! is this a time for speeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not?—Oh Jeffy!

*Vortex.* True, another opportunity! But, oh! 'tis a pretty speech.—Well, now give me back the paper.

*Rap.* The paper!

*Vortex.* Yes, now you have thoroughly digested the contents of the paper, give it me again.

*Rap.* Oh! the—the—the paper (*sees it torn on the ground.*)

*Vortex.* Yes; that precious scrap that secures us a hundred thousand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

*Rap.* My dear fellow! you gave me no paper.

*Vortex.* But I did, though.

*Rap.* Yes, you certainly did; but then—you—did not—

*Vortex.* But I'll take my oath I did!—Come, give it me directly!—You—(*sees the fragments on the ground*). Eh! what!—No;—yes.—I'm undone, I'm ruin'd.—Oh, my head! I'm going, I'm going!

*Rap.* Upon my soul I'm very sorry, but—

*Vortex.* But what?

*Rap.* That infernal speech!

*Vortex.* Oh! (*looking at the scraps of paper*)—  
Eh, but hold!—when he marries my daughter he'll  
keep the secret for his own sake. Oh dear! I must  
lose no time.

*Rap.* I'm very sorry; I'm sure if hearing your  
speech will be any compensation—(*sits down*)—

*Vortex.* No, no, not now—come with me, all  
the lawyers are waiting.—Oh, pray come!

*Rap.* I'm coming, but you're always in such a  
hurry.

*Vortex.* I'll send my daughter to him—I must  
push him. Pray come directly. [*Exit in a hurry.*]

*Rap.* Upon my soul you'll break your neck, if  
you hurry so. Am I always to have this infernal  
pain? (*goes up to the glass*). Behold a high-finish-  
ed rascal at full length.—Curse me, if I can look  
myself in the face.

*Enter JESSY.*

*Jessy.* (*apart*). There he stands!—Now,  
heart, be firm.—Virtuous indignation support me!  
Sir, my mistress waits for you.

*Rap.* Don't plague me about your mistress.  
I'll come by and by.—(*Turns round*) Heaven and  
hell! Jessy Oatland!

*Jessy.* My mistress, sir, waits for you.

*Rap.* Your mistress!—A servant! Jessy Oat-  
land a servant!—A servant to—and I—Jessy!  
my life!—my soul!—will you forgive—?

*Jessy.* Wretch!

*Rap.* I am.—I despise myself.—On my knees—  
only listen to me.

*Enter Miss VORTEX.*

*Miss Vor.* Mr. Rapid!

*Rap.* (*jumping up*). What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* How can you debase yourself—to—

*Jessy.* How dare he debase me, madam, by  
offering to an honest heart the affections of a  
villain?

*Miss Vor.* Sir!

*Rap.*

*Rap.* Madam!

*Miss Vor.* (to *Jessy*). Leave the room!

*Jessy.* (apart). Now, poor heart! having pass'd thy pride's probation, retire to a corner, and break with weeping. [Exit.]

*Miss Vor.* Sir! what am I to understand?

*Rap.* That I'm crazy.

*Miss Vor.* Have I deserv'd insult?

*Rap.* Upon my soul, I don't mean to insult you—I ask your pardon—upon my knees (kneels).

Enter FRANK.

*Frank.* You, sir!

*Rap.* (jumping up.) What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* Well, I'll forgive you if you'll come directly. [RAPID nods and she exits.]

*Rap.* What do you want?

*Frank.* You be's a desperate villain! (RAPID going to strike.) Come, don't you do that—it won't do.—Poor sister! if you had drawn a harrow across her heart, you could not have hurt her so.

*Rap.* Damn't—I know nothing of your sister! Who the devil is your sister? you—

*Frank.* Why! *Jessy Oatland*!

*Rap.* What! your sister—the brother of *Jessy* my servant?—Damnation! why did not you tell me so? to raise my hand against the brother of *Jessy*?—I shall go mad!—*Frank*, will you forgive me? I love *Jessy*—by my soul I do!—And may heaven desert me, if—(kneels)

Enter VORTEX.

*Vortex.* Heyday!

*Rap.* (jumping up). What's the matter?

*Vortex.* (to *Frank*). Leave the room! [Exit FRANK] insult, upon insult!—What satisfaction—

*Rap.* I know what you want. Come along; I'll fight you directly.

*Vortex.* Fight! Nonsense.

*Rap.* Then I'll ask your pardon.

*Vortex.* But what the devil's the meaning of all this?

*Rap.* Why, don't you see I'm mad?—Stark staring mad!

*Enter* YOUNG STANLEY.

*Stanley.* Mr. Rapid !

*Rap.* (*jumping round*). What do you want ?

*Vortex.* Oh ! Lord, how fierce Stanley looks at me. Pray come, Mr. Rapid.—(*To STANLEY*) Sir, your most obedient ! [*Exit, running.*]

*Rap.* That little fellow will break his neck to a certainty.

*Stanley.* I have just seen a lovely girl that you have wrong'd.

*Rap.* I know I have ; and I'll fight you again, if you like, it.

*Stanley.* Could the result benefit Jessy Oatland, I would accept your invitation.

*Rap.* The fact is, I am the most unhappy—the—What do you charge for shooting a man ? I'll give you a thousand to blow my brains out. I'm the most miserable dog—Pray, sir, will you tell me one thing ?—Are you a man of fashion ?

*Stanley.* I trust I'm a gentleman.

*Rap.* That's pretty much the same thing—and it, sir ?

*Stanley.* It ought to be.

*Rap.* Pray, sir, how did you become a gentleman ?

*Stanley.* Simply, by never committing an action that would not bear reflection.

*Rap.* Can I be a gentleman and an honest man ?

*Stanley.* Can you be a gentleman, and not an honest man ?

*Rap.* Pray, sir, have you always an internal pain at your heart ?

*Stanley.* No, sir.

*Rap.* No ! Huzza ! Thank you !—By heaven I'll—Now don't hurry yourself.—If I don't, may I—(*waiks about*).

*Stanley.* Ah ! Mr. Rapid, how different are our situations ! You, possessing the love of a most charming and fascinating girl, dash the cup of happiness away.

*Rap.*



*Rap.* May be not, my dear fellow!—Push on.

*Stanley.* I, possessing the heart of my dear Ellen, am miserable; because on account of the narrowness of her fortune, she compels me to abandon her.

*Rap.* What! The narrowness of her fortune compels—

*Stanley.* Yes! I say—

*Rap.* No! Don't say it again. Don't despair, that's all (*nodding*).

*Stanley.* She has given a fatal paper.

*Rap.* A paper!—Yes, I know, I know.

*Stanley.* And I'm come to take leave of her.

*Rap.* No, you are not!—I'll show you such a scene.—Nay, don't ask me any questions—follow me, that's all.—Wait at the door; and when I cry, Hem! come in. But don't be in such a hurry. By heavens, the pain in my side is better already! Huzza!—Come along! (*Going, return, and runs to the glass and nods.*) How do you do?—How do you do? What! you rascal! you can grin again, can you? Come along; but don't hurry; because, my dear fellow! 'tis impossible to do any thing well in a hurry. Come along! but, zounds! never hurry. [*Exeunt, RAPID speaking very quick.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in VORTEX's House.*

*Enter JESSY and FRANK.*

*Frank.* How bee'ft thee now, Jessy?

*Jessy.* Better. Quite recover'd. What pass'd between you and Edward?

*Frank.* Why, at first, he were in a desperate passion; but when I told him I were thy brother, he were so humble, and did ax I go to forgive un, that I could say no more to un. Dom it, I could not hit him, when he were down; and I've a notion his conscience was pegging him about pretty tightish. He swear'd he did love thee.

*Jessy.* Did he, Frank? Did he say he lov'd me?  
*Enter*

*Enter Mr. and Miss VORTEX*

*Miss Vor.* What ! torn the paper !—A hot headed—only wait till he's my husband—

*Vortex.* Egad, I wish he would come, tho'—

*Miss Vor.* Oh ! here he is.

*Jessy.* How my poor frame trembles !

*Miss Vor.* I vow I feel uncommon discompos'd—Oatland ! your arm, child ! (*leans on JESSY*).

*Enter YOUNG RAPID.*

*Y. Rap.* Heavens, how interesting ! the languor of those lovely eyes—

*Miss Vor.* Flattering creature !

*Y. Rap.* My senses are restor'd. Oh, will you pardon—will you again receive a heart full of love and adoration ?—

*Miss Vor.* What shall I do ?—I must pardon him. (*Miss VORTEX is preparing to speak.*)

*Jessy.* Edward ! what shall I say ?—your love has been too long my joy,—my pride,—to be torn from my heart without many a bitter wound ;—(*Miss VORTEX with surprise and chagrin withdraws her arm from JESSY ;*)—but your late conduct has been—

*Y. Rap.* Detestable ?—But I'm pardon'd, your eyes tell me so. Thanks, my angel ! (*running to her and kneeling.*) I'm so oppress'd with joy.—Ma'am, will you have the goodness to help me up ?—

*Miss Vor.* Help you up !—

*Frank.* He ! he ! he ! Gi' me a bus, Jessy ! he ! he ! thee be's a domn'd honest fellow ! (*Shaking RAPID's hand.*) I'll run and tell poor Feyther—Now I shall have a farm of my own ! (*capering and snapping his fingers.*)—Dong it, how I will work.—He ! he ! he ! [*Exit.*]

*Miss Vor.* To be us'd so twice in one day !—it is not to be borne.—Nabob ! won't you fight him ?

*Vortex.* No, not I.

*Miss Vor.* Coward !

*Vortex.* You'd better be quiet, or I'll convince you I'm none, however.

*Miss*

*Miss Vor.* He ! he ! I declare it is so uncommon ridiculous !—so comic !—He ! he !—I'm quite faint with laughing.

*Jessy.* Shall I assist you ?

*Miss Vor.* No ! (*resentfully.*) I must retire, or I shall expire with laughing !—he ! he !—Oh !—  
[*Exit, crying.*]

*Enter ELLEN.*

*Ellen.* Heaven ! what's the matter ?

*Y. Rap.* Allow me to introduce Mrs. Rapid, madam.——

*Ellen.* Sweet Jessy !—Sir, I thank you for giving my heart a pleasurable sensation which I thought it had for ever taken leave of.

*Y. Rap.* Bless your heart ! perhaps I may tickle it up a little more.—(*To VORTEX.*) Now, and out of the way, will you ?

*Vortex.* You're quite free and easy.

*Y. Rap.* My way.

*Vortex.* You forget 'tis my house.

*Y. Rap.* No, I don't ;—you bought it with her money, you know.——

*Vortex.* Umh !

*Y. Rap.* Mum, now for young Stanley's cue. (*To ELLEN.*) 'Pon my honour, ma'am, any man might be proud to—Hem—He doesn't hear me.—Such beauty !—such a shape !—such a—Hem—

*Enter CHARLES STANLEY.*

*Vortex.* Zounds ! he's here again (*getting behind YOUNG RAPID.*) What does he want ?

*Y. Rap.* Shall I ask him ?

*Vortex.* Do.—I'll be very much oblig'd to you.

*Y. Rap.* I will.—I'll manage (*winking and nodding to VORTEX.*)

*Vortex.* Oh, thank you !

*Charles.* Once more, my Ellen ! supported by indulgent parent's blessing on our union, I entreat—

*Ellen.* Oh Charles ! shall I then return your father's goodness by destroying his hopes for ever ? Shall I repay my Stanley's love by inflicting on him penury and sorrow ? In pity, no more !

*Y. Rap.*

*T. Rap.* (to CHARLES STANLEY). What may be your business here, sir?

*Charles.* I came to take leave.——

*T. Rap.* Hush! (*apart*).—To inquire respecting that lady's fortune. We'll soon answer all that, won't we? (*nodding to VORTEX.*)

*Charles.* I say, sir——

*T. Rap.* (*stopping him*). We grant it,—we grant Mr. Vortex has recover'd property to a considerable amount, but what signifies that? She assigned it for five thousand pounds!—You see how I'm going on (*to Nabob*).

*Vortex.* Oh, thank you, my dear friend!

*T. Rap.* I've seen the paper; haven't I?—(*to VORTEX*).

*Charles.* And I shou'd be satisfied——

*T. Rap.* You wou'd be satisfied if you saw it.—Certainly—very proper—nothing in nature can be more reasonable; so, Nabob, shew him the paper, and settle the business at once (*walks about, VORTEX following him*). Shew him the paper!—don't keep the gentleman waiting all day.—Shew him the paper. My dear fellow! what's the use of walking after me? Shew him the paper.

*Vortex.* (*taking advantage of the pauses in the foregoing speech*). I say, my dear friend, hush! Be quiet! I want to speak to you; you forget you destroyed it.

*T. Rap.* I destroyed it!

*Vortex.* Hush!

*T. Rap.* He says I destroyed it!

*Vortex.* I did not.—I'll take my oath I did not.

*T. Rap.* And it is true.

*Charles and Ellen.* What?

*T. Rap.* True, upon my honour! He has no more hold on your estates, madam, than I have.

*Charles* (*kneeling to ELLEN*). Will you now allow the humble Stanley to destroy the hopes of wealthy Ellen? Will you permit me to repay your love with penury and sorrow?

*Ellen.* Oh, chide on! (*raising him*) Dear Stanley, my happiness is now complete.

*T. Rap.* This is your house, ma'am. I give you



you joy!—Sir, I give you joy!—Nabob, I give you joy!

*Vortex.* Oh, my head! You villain!

*T. Rap.* Don't talk about villainy,—it will make you worse. Sit down, my dear fellow!

*Charles.* He's justly punished for the falsehood of the story he told.

*T. Rap.* I say, he's justly punished for the length of the story he told.

*Charles.* Mr. Rapid, in expressing my obligations, allow me to be——

*T. Rap.* Not more than a minute, I entreat.

(*OLD RAPID and SIR HUBERT without.*)

*O. Rap.* Where is he?

*Sir Hub.* Be patient.

*O. Rap.* I won't.—Let me come at him.

*Enter OLD RAPID and SIR HUBERT.*

*Jessy.* (*YOUNG RAPID and JESSY kneel.*) Your blessing, sir!

*O. Rap.* What? Oh! (*falls down on his knees and embraces them both.*)

*Sir Hub.* (*after talking apart to his son.*) Mr. Rapid, by asserting your character as a man of honour, in rewarding the affections of this amiable woman, you command my praise; for bestowing happiness on my dear Charles, receive an old man's blessing.

*T. Rap.* Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

*O. Rap.* Dam'me, there's the son of a taylor for you!

*Vortex.* What, a taylor?

*O. Rap.* Yes; and let me tell you, that one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is sweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart!—So, take that.

*T. Rap.* Well, Nabob, how do you feel?

*Vortex.* Egad, 'tis very odd;—but I declare I feel light and comfortable since Ellen has got her estate,

estate, and I somehow breathe more free. I've a notion the last line of my speech is true.

*T. Rap.* Come, I'll hear the last line.

*Vortex.* Why, "that the first step towards securing the esteem of others, is to secure your own."

*T. Rap.* Stick to the last line.

*Ellen.* And, dear uncle, take Sir Hubert Stanley for your physician. Follow his prescription of justice and benevolence, and my life on it, you will soon thank me for my recommendation.

*Vortex.* Well, to shew the sincerity of my intentions, allow me, Ellen, to present you these parchments, the title-deeds of this estate (*presents parchments*).

*O. Rap.* I say, Ned, what nice measures they would make!

*Ellen.* And, sir, allow me to shew you the true value of riches—(*giving parchments to STANLEY*)—Convert them into happiness.

*O. Rap.* Well, I've only one observation to make.

*T. Rap.* I hope it is a short one.

*Jessy.* What, impatient again?

*T. Rap.* I am; and if I err,

'Tis you, my gen'rous Patrons, are the cause,  
My heart's impatient for your kind applause.



EPILOGUE.

# EPILOGUE.

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq. M. P.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

SHAKESPEARE, a shrewd old quiz, in his dull age,  
Said, very gravely, "All the world's a stage."  
But if the Poet on our times could drop,  
He'd rather own that "*all the world's a shop.*"  
"And what's the trade?" exclaim the critic railers,  
Why, "Men and women all are merely taylorers."  
Nay, frown not, Beaux; and Ladies, do not pout;  
You've all your *cuttings in* and *cuttings out*.

And, first, Miss Hoyden, just escap'd from school,  
Slighting mamma, and all domestic rule;  
If she on fashion's road should chance to trip,  
What says the world? why, "Miss has made a slip."  
And if, a falling character to save,  
She weds with age just tott'ring o'er the grave,  
The sportive world will still enjoy the joke,  
And spouse, at home, at once is made a cloke.

The Politician too, who when *in* place,  
Views public measures with a smiling face,  
Croaks, when he's *out*, a discontented note,—  
Sure he's a taylor—he has turn'd his coat.  
Oft have I measur'd you when closely sitting,  
To see what twist, what shape, what air was fitting.  
Once more I'll try, if you'll make no resistance;  
Mine's a quick eye, and measures at a distance.

[*Produces the sheers and measure.*]

Great Mr. Alderman—your worship—sir,  
If you can stomach it, you need not stir,  
Room you require, for turtle and for haunch,  
'Tis done—two yards three quarters round the paunch.  
Slim sir, hold up your arm—Oh, you're a Poet,  
You want a coat, indeed—your elbows show it.  
Don't tremble, man: there's now no cause for fears,  
Though oft you shirk the Gemmen of the sheers;  
Genius stands still, when taylorers interpose,  
'Tis like a watch—it ticks—and then it goes.

The needle dropt, the warlike sword I draw,  
For oft our sex must yield to martial law;

G

Lady

## EPILOGUE.

Lady Hubbushet came to me last night,

"Oh, my dear ma'am, I'm in such a fright;

"They've drawn me for a man; and, what is worse,

"I am to souldier it, and mount a horse:

"Must wear the breeches." Says I, "Don't deplore

"What in your husband's life you always wore;

"But that your La'ship's heart may cease from throbbing,

"Let your fat Coachman mount upon fat Dobbin;

"And for the good old pair I'll boldly say,

"Nor man, nor horse, will ever run away."

"Run I!"—"Arrah, who is that dare fear betray?"

(Cries patriot Paddy, hot from Bantry-Bay.) [*assuming the Brogue.*]

"The Frenchmen came expecting us to meet 'em,

"And sure we all were ready there to greet 'em,

"With piping hot potatoes made of lead,

"And powder that would serve instead of bread;

"And, by my soul, such dainty fine fat frogs,

"With warm dry lodging for them in the bogs."

"They came, alas!" cried I, of terror full.

"They made a conquest?"—"No, they made a bull."

But softly—what with measures, bulls, and battle,

You must be tir'd with my poor foolish prattle;

But while you look so pleasant, kind and clever,

Had I my way, I'd talk to you for ever.



THE END.



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